

# The CHILDREN'S NEWSPAPER

AND CHILDREN'S PICTORIAL

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EDITED BY ARTHUR MEE

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## WILL MEN SEE CHRIST PASS BY AGAIN?

### TWINKLE, TWINKLE MANY STARS

#### NUMBERING THE HOST OF HEAVEN

#### A New Telescope to Bring Millions of Stars into View

#### LIGHT'S LONG JOURNEY

There is no end to human endeavour. We all thought the 100-inch reflecting telescope at Mount Wilson in California had practically attained the limit of possibilities in size and power; but a reflecting telescope with a 200-inch reflector is to be constructed.

The great instrument on Mount Wilson reveals some 1500 million stars; the new one, which it is expected will take five years to make, is to be from five to ten times as powerful, and may bring into view hundreds of millions of new stars and nebulae.

The Mount Wilson observatory, during the short career of its splendid telescope, has added enormously to our knowledge of the heavens, and Dr. Jeans, who is not only secretary of our Royal Society, but a Research Associate of Mount Wilson, tells us facts enriched by observation there which sound like fairy lore.

#### In the Depths of Space

Some of his results are embodied in a thrilling little book which he has recently published under the title of *Eos*, and we should like to hope for a new edition of it when he has had experience of the newly-projected telescope. Already he talks of stars so distant that, although light travels at 186,000 miles a second, the light from these bodies takes 140 million years to reach us.

He foresees the possibility of detecting, by a telescope of sufficient power, light which left its stars no less than 100,000 million years ago.

Our Sun is a million times as big as the Earth, yet it is only one of a family whose numbers must be counted in thousands of millions, and that family is in turn only one of hosts of such families, systems of suns and stars complete and in the making, multitudes of nebulae each containing enough matter to make a thousand million suns.

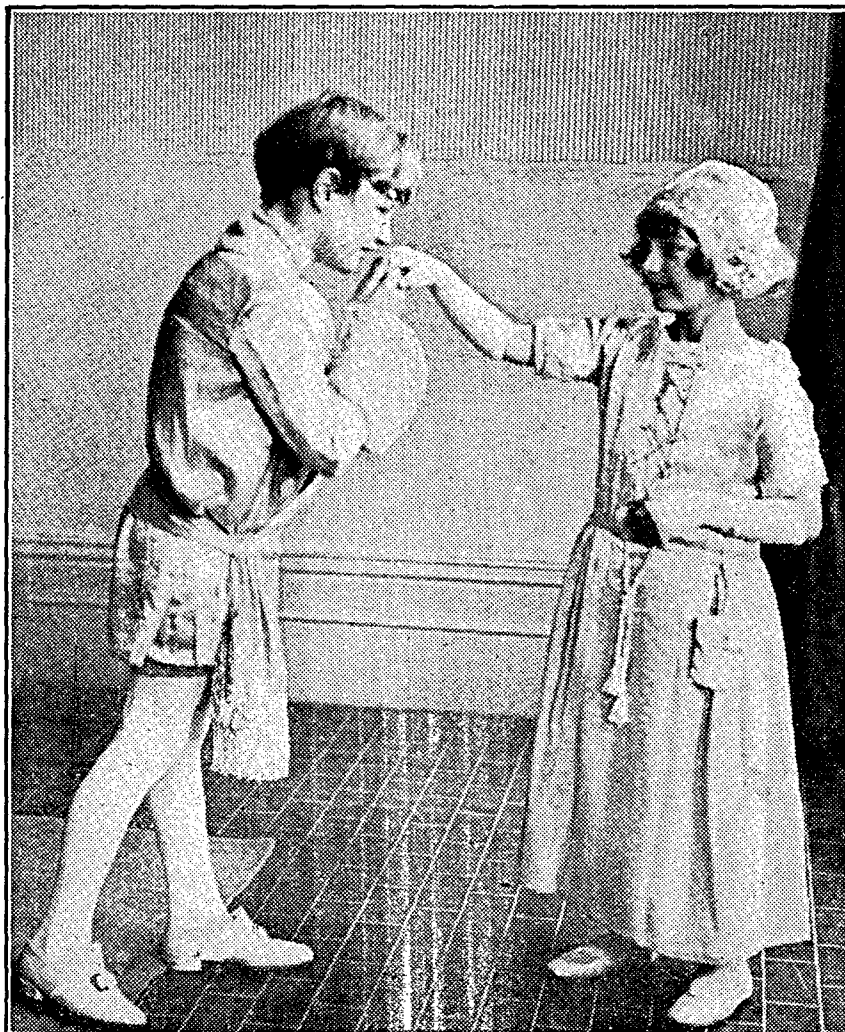
#### Cool and Hot Suns

There are suns, Dr. Jeans tells us, so cool that if we depended upon their rays our seas would at once freeze and our atmosphere pass off into liquid air; and there are suns so hot that they would dissolve our Earth into vapour.

A fragment of such a sun only as big as a pea would scorch and shrivel up anyone within a thousand miles of it.

The smallest star, which matches the Earth in size, is so heavy that a ton of it would lie like a pea in a pea-pod; the largest could contain 25 million suns like ours, but a ton of this star would form a mass as big as the Albert Hall. What new wonders will the 200-inch telescope display?

### The Marquess Greets the Mayoress



Lady Elizabeth Townshend, who is only 10, will act as Mayoress to her mother, the new Mayor of King's Lynn, Norfolk. In this picture we see Lady Elizabeth with her brother the Marquess of Townshend, in fancy costume.

### BIG BROTHERS AND SISTERS WANTED

THE Duke of York, the King's second son, has been telling of a letter he received in the past summer from two little boys.

They wanted to start a cricket club, but they were poor and had nowhere to play except in one of the London parks. One fine day they set off in their patched clothes, carrying their home-made stumps and bat, to have a splendid day's cricket. But no sooner did the match begin than a park-keeper arrived and ordered them off. So the little boys wrote to the Duke for advice. Where could they play?

The Duke thought their cricket club was a very important thing, as the boys did, and he made inquiries till he found a place near their home where they could play the national game. Although the boys had only asked to be told of a playground, he found that they needed equipment, and he saw to it that the cricket club started life with proper bats and balls.

But, said the Duke in addressing a conference at Croydon, it was sad to think that the boys had written to a stranger because there was no one in their own neighbourhood to give them a

helping hand. He begged young men and women everywhere to take up the work of helping boys and girls who need friends.

There are many ways in which youth needs help, but it can only be led by people who have character and sympathy and idealism, said the Duke. Without real sympathy no one can help another; he can only patronise him.

As for idealism, the Duke called it the desire to leave things in the world better than we found them. Youth realises quickly the difference between a selfish man and a man who puts himself last. Youth's leader must be an idealist.

In every district there are young men and women like that. Let them come forward to help their little brothers and sisters of the poor streets. Let them see that the youngsters have the opportunity for playing in the fresh air, and that in times of trouble and difficulty they have someone to turn to for counsel.

The Duke concluded his appeal for Big Brothers and Sisters by quoting his own favourite saying, "Take care of the young and the country will take care of itself."

### THE LORD MAYOR'S DUSTMAN

#### HIS CARTS IN THE PROCESSION

#### The Silent Sermon They Seemed to Preach in the Procession

#### EVERYTHING GETS BETTER

It is a thousand pities that William Morris could not have lived to see the Lord Mayor's Show of 1928.

How delighted the poet would have been with the Lord Mayor's golden coach and prancing horses leading a dustcart in proud procession through the city!

When William Morris was not writing poetry, or designing painted windows, or setting up beautiful type at the Kelmscott Press, he was preaching Socialism. He wrote a book called *News From Nowhere*, describing the adventures of a man who went to sleep in 1890 and woke, two centuries later, to find the world completely changed.

#### A Gorgeous Person

There were no idle folk, and the people who did the most useful work were the people most highly honoured in this dreamland.

I looked over my shoulder (he wrote) and saw something flash and gleam in the sunlight that lay across the hall; so I turned round, and at my ease saw a splendid figure slowly sauntering over the pavement; a man whose surcoat was embroidered most copiously as well as elegantly, so that the sun flashed back from him as if he had been clad in golden armour. This stately and gorgeous person was a dustman.

The dustman who keeps our streets clean and healthy certainly deserves to be honoured, and yet when William Morris wrote, nearly forty years ago, he believed that dustmen would be despised, shabby, and ill-paid for centuries.

He was wrong. The dustman and his cart have been given a place in the pageant of London because we have come to realise already that the dustman is as important in his way as the Lord Mayor in his way.

#### New Sight for London

Therefore two dustcarts were chosen to appear in the Lord Mayor's Show, one of the ordinary type, and one of a new type never before seen in London. It is very long and low and has four side chutes so contrived that dustbins can be emptied into the cart without a speck of dust being spilled. Not much longer now will the old, open carts offend our eyes and noses and sow dirt and disease every windy day.

The two carts preach a mute sermon on progress. They seem to say:

*Do not be content till a bad thing has been put right. There is always a way out of a difficulty if people will take the trouble to think till they find it. The streets of London are better than they have been, but they ought to be better still.*



## CECIL RHODES'S FRIEND

### Carrying On His Dreams

#### A GREAT FORTUNE FOR A SPLENDID CAUSE

He, being dead, yet speaketh: Cecil Rhodes lives on in the hearts of his friends.

Rhodes established a fund by which young men from the Dominions and from America (and until the War from Germany) might become undergraduates at Oxford. He believed in seeking international understanding based on international study.

His friend and disciple, Sir Abe Bailey, who has made it the object of his public life to advance the ideals for which Rhodes stood, has made a splendid gift to the Empire to help to realise, as he says, the last and noblest of the great man's dreams.

#### Peace Problems

When the Peace discussions were opened in Paris the Governments of the British Commonwealth assembled a delegation there to make a thorough study of the problems involved, and its work proved so valuable that a number of public-spirited men decided that it ought to be continued. And so the Royal Institute of International Affairs was established in London and in some of the Dominion capitals as "an exchange or clearing-house for expressions of opinion and communication of knowledge of affairs in foreign countries," while a Council on Foreign Relations cooperated in similar work in America.

Five years ago two distinguished Canadians, Colonel and Mrs. Leonard, gave the Institute in London a home by presenting it with Chatham House in St. James's Square. In accepting that gift on behalf of the Institute the Prince of Wales said that it still needed an income of at least £10,000 a year to enable it to do its great work fully and satisfactorily.

#### An Income for Ever

Now Sir Abe Bailey, in memory of his friend Cecil Rhodes, has made arrangements which will secure that the Institute shall receive an income of £5000 a year out of his estate for ever.

The Bank of England already makes a contribution of £200 a year, and Sir Abe Bailey hopes other business institutions, realising the value of the Institute to the peace and therefore the commerce of the world, will follow this example and secure the remaining £5000.

## A MILL OF THE POETS

### Rupert Brooke's Grantchester

The poet Chaucer knew the mill at Grantchester where the river bubbles below the bridge and is named the Granta before it becomes the Cam. It has been burned, and Tennyson and Rupert Brooke, who knew it and loved it, would sorrow if they could hear the sad tidings.

Yet if the ancient stones are gone the lovely scene remains, the deep green pool shaded by the chestnuts beyond the bridge, and the vicarage lawn leading to the water's edge; and neither fire nor flood can destroy the memories the poets left. Tennyson knew it and wrote *The Miller's Daughter*. Rupert Brooke bathed in the pool and wrote of where

The chestnuts, summer through,  
Beside the river, make for you  
A tunnel of green gloom, and sleep  
Deeply above; and green and deep  
The stream mysterious glides beneath  
Green as a dream and deep as death.

And he asks:

Oh, is the water sweet and cool,  
Gentle and brown, above the pool,  
And laughs the immortal river still  
Under the mill, under the mill?

The lines live on; the mill has gone.

## WILL MEN SEE CHRIST PASS BY AGAIN?

It is just the other day, as time is reckoned in the Universe, since Christ passed by.

Of all the visions the human mind can beckon from the past none can compare with this sublimest Figure of our dreams, walking in Galilee. What would the world not give to see Christ passing by again?

THROUGH evil and through good report, through all the dark hours that have come upon the world, there has always been a mighty host of those who have believed.

THEY have believed that Calvary was just a point in history and not a stopping-place, and that nothing ended there. They have believed that He who lived sinless among men for thirty years is here among them still. They believe that His spirit has never perished from the Earth. They believe that it is written deep in the foundations of the Universe that the Light of the World shall not fade.

WE believe it too; we believe that this Sinless Life that ended on a Cross is more enduring than the granite rock. We believe that it is working still in the lives of men, and that before its gracious influence all evil things will pass away, and the Kingdom of Heaven will come.

It may be a long, long time, for the powers of evil are strong in the world, but, while we wait for that great day, there comes to us, born of the wonders of these days, a mighty inspiration.

The mighty inspiration referred to by these words is nothing more nor less than this—that some day, far off, when we shall not be here, the eyes of men may look and see Christ passing by again.

It is the Scientific Contributor of the C.N. Monthly, *My Magazine*, who dreams this dream and gives his reasons for believing that the day may come when it may come true. The article is in the Christmas Number of *My Magazine*.

## AN OLD DISPUTE SETTLED

### Island Awarded to Holland

A four-hundred-year-old dispute has just been settled with the help of the International Court at The Hague.

The dispute, as has already been explained in the C.N., concerns the ownership of the little Far Eastern island of Palmas. Geographically it is the most southerly of the Philippine Islands, but commercially it has always been united with the Dutch islands to the south, of which Celebes is the chief.

America inherited the quarrel when she took the Philippine Islands from Spain after the war over Cuba, and it was she who agreed with Holland to submit the dispute to The Hague. By the Hague Court's advice the matter was handed over to its vice-president, Professor Huber of Switzerland, who is also president of the International Red Cross. And now comes the announcement that Professor Huber has awarded the island to Holland.

## HAPPY ICELAND

### Where Our Weather Comes From

#### 100 000 FINE PEOPLE

A few weeks ago the C.N. mentioned the passage of an aeroplane over Iceland, and the correspondent who sent the account to us allowed his fancy to play with the question What did the Icelanders think of it? He supposed their imaginations would be as lively as his own.

A courteous Scottish reader who is a lover of Iceland, and was spending a nine-weeks holiday there when the first flight was made in the island, sends us the facts about that flying machine.

He was in Reykjavik, the capital of Iceland, on May 28, when some bulky packages were landed from a steamer, and he saw parts of a flying machine being disclosed to a few bystanders. There was no excitement for, by means of pictures and the kinema, Icelanders are quite familiar with the modern conquest of the air.

#### Iceland's Air-Mail

A week later, on his return from a visit to Western Iceland, he heard at Reykjavik that the machine had been assembled and had made its trial flights, preparatory to a trip to the north of the island with the mails—the service for which it was destined.

A fortnight later he was in Akureyri and saw there picture postcards of its arrival from the capital and its start back. The postcards showed that it was not an airplane but a seaplane, which could alight on any of the Iceland harbours.

Then, later still, while he was on an island outside of Reykjavik Harbour, he saw the seaplane come out of the harbour, taxi into the waters of Faxaflönd, rise gracefully, circle round, and fly away north with the mails. And, says he, "My word, it could fly."

Those are the facts about Iceland's first plane. It has been needed badly, for Iceland has no railway, because its mountains are too obstructive; and though its people like the motor-car its roads are what we should call C3. Nowhere is a seaplane likely to be more useful.

#### A Hardy Race

Everybody hears often about Iceland now because of the weather that comes over it toward us. We hear because it is a civilised, educated land in direct cable communication with Europe. Anyone who thinks of it as a land where the Eskimo race live is altogether wrong. An island one-fourth larger than Ireland, it has nearly 100,000 people, of a hardy, industrious, well-educated, historically renowned white race, about 20,000 of whom live in the capital, Reykjavik, the seat of its parliament and its university.

It is an independent State, linked with Denmark because the King of Denmark is its king also, and Denmark manages its foreign affairs. But in home affairs Iceland is self-governing. Its wealth comes almost entirely from its fisheries. Sundered from Europe by stormy seas, its 100,000 people are as fine a sample of mankind as any 100,000 that Europe can show grouped together.

## THE OLD MEN YOUNG

The oldest inhabitant of Ashton-under-Lyne walked to the polling-booth the other day; he is 98.

One of the oldest inhabitants of Wellingborough, who is 92, the other day walked fourteen miles, and often walks ten.

## THE VITAMINS

### The Little We Know About Them

Just when everybody is beginning to know vitamins and regard them as familiar friends the scientific men are throwing doubts on their characters. Dr. Green and Dr. Mellanby of the University of Sheffield are not denying their value, but they declare that there is a confusion between Vitamin A and Vitamin D.

That is not astonishing when it is remembered that nobody has ever seen either. They are too small and obscure. It is only by their works we may know them.

Still it is not denied that one vitamin enables good bone to grow, and without it there is danger of rickets; and another vitamin which is hidden in the growing parts of plants or the husks of grains is necessary to make such foods feed us. Still another vitamin is bad for germs and good for us.

Vitamins A, B, C, and D are all in the old-fashioned fresh foods, in vegetables, butter, oils, and fats, and till more is known about them their various tasks and the work they perform will be confused. But the doctors do know that we cannot do without them.

## SIR OFORI KNOWS WHAT TO DO

### Fate of a White Man's Present

Sir Ofori Atta, the Gold Coast chieftain who lately visited England, has improved on the old ceremony of burying the hatchet. He has buried the gin, which is an even more deadly weapon.

When he had finished his examination of our progress and civilisation someone gave him as a parting present to take home—a case of gin.

Sir Ofori Atta did not swallow the insult; he poured it into the ground of West Africa when he was welcomed home by his people. It was the last act of a historic ceremony.

By this gesture this great chief of a race of people which has suffered much since the days of the slave trade signified that no more was wanted of this particular curse of the white man's civilisation.

The white man might perhaps take a hint from his black brother and bury the gin in his own land. If he will not do that let him at least refrain from poisoning the West African with it.

## THINGS SAID

In the League only lies our chief hope for the world. *The King*

Peace is just a question of education. *Dr. Cyril Norwood*

My first aspiration was to be a pirate. *Archbishop Downey at Liverpool*

You cannot pay the debt you owe to society by filling up football coupons. *Rev. Bertram Smith*

I would rather have a beautiful scent than a pound note. *Mr. Ramsay MacDonald*

Hating people is like burning down your house to get rid of a rat. *Dr. Fosdick*

Will anyone tell me why a human being should say yep when he means yes? *Mr. St. John Ervine*

Twelve thousand Scouts can eat a quarter of a mile of jam roll at a meal. *Sir Alfred Pickford*

600,000 boys and girls leave our schools every year to take their chance in the great struggle. *Mr. J.H. Thomas*

She belonged to that school which is now dying out, and wrote, in her beautiful clear handwriting, letters which it was a joy to receive.

*Said of the late Miss Emily Jones*



## LOOKING MORE ALIKE

### A CLEAN-SHAVEN WORLD?

Are Men Going Back to the Days of the Romans?

### GOOD FOR PEACE

The fact that King Amanullah is ordering the M.P.s of Afghanistan to shave off their beards reminds us that the world of white men is fast becoming clean-shaven. This is really a remarkable fact, with more than a purely superficial meaning.

The old Romans were clean-shaven, as we know by their portraits in marble. Looking at the bust of a Roman emperor we cannot fail to be struck by the fact that his face is one we might meet any day in the street. Undisguised by moustache or beard, the features of the man are clearly revealed to us.

When the Roman Empire crumbled to pieces after the passing of Marcus Aurelius the Barbarians who invaded the Roman provinces, and who absorbed so much of the old Roman civilisation, reintroduced the wearing of Nature's gift of plentiful facial hair. The beard came back to Europe and remained until almost our own day.

### Fashion and Fascism

The eighteenth century witnessed a revival of the use of the razor, and in the nineteenth (and still more in the twentieth) the men of Great Britain came to discard not only their beards but the greater part of their moustaches.

This discarding of hair has lately spread to the Continent. In Italy the rise of Fascism has restored the Roman fashion of clean-shaving with remarkable results. Deprived of their beards, we see that the Italians do not look so different from the English as they used to look, and we realise what a lot beards had to do with looking "foreign."

It is a curious fact that the wearing of a beard and moustache makes men of very different features look very much alike. The reason for this becomes plain on a moment's examination. The mouth and chin, even more than the eyes, are responsible for facial expression. If, therefore, the lips are topped and partly hidden by a big moustache, while the chin is completely hidden by a beard, more than half the true character of a face is shrouded in mystery. If the moustache and beard of men whose mouths and chins differ greatly are trimmed in the same way, more than half of the faces of two different men are made to appear alike.

### A Clean-Shaven Europe

So, if a regiment of soldiers wear moustaches and beards cut to the same fashion, it looks like a regiment of brothers, because the facial hair has rendered alike the most important part of their faces. By the same token, if different nations adopt different methods of wearing their hair, they appear different from one another.

On the whole, therefore, we may count it a good thing that beards are disappearing and that we are, as it were, cheating Nature by clean-shaving. If a clean-shaven Europe helps Europeans of different races to see that, after all, they are not so different from one another as they thought, it will be a good thing for the peace of the world.

## THOUSANDS FOR PEACE AND MILLIONS FOR WAR

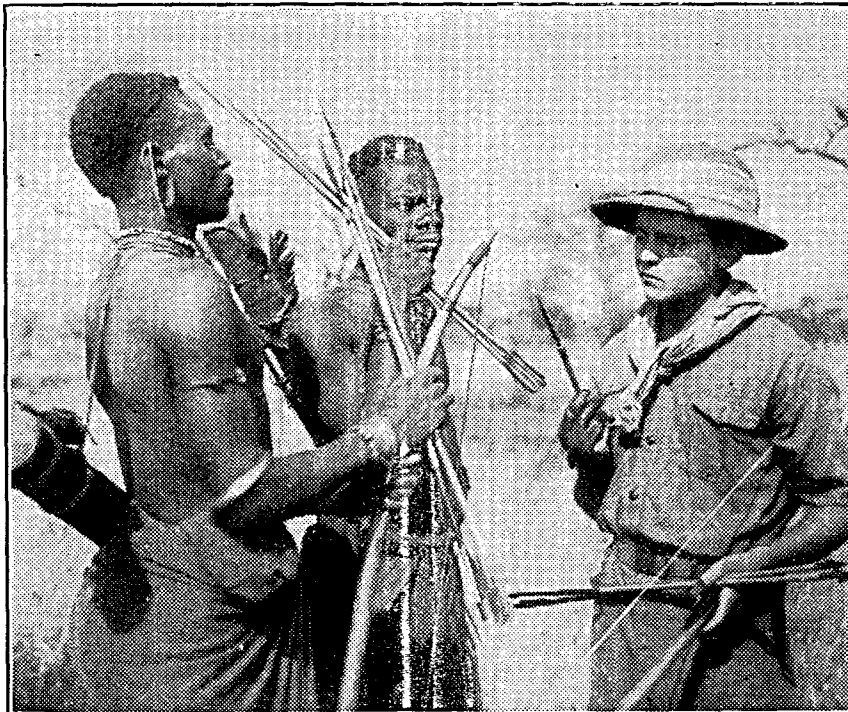
Britain's contribution to the expenses of the League of Nations, of which a good deal has been heard lately, totals £120,000 a year, or a halfpenny for each of her citizens.

Against this £120,000 a year spent on organising peace is to be set nearly £120,000,000 a year spent in preparing for war.

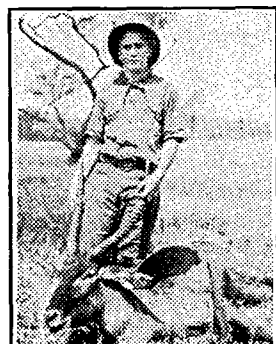
## SCOUTS IN THE AFRICAN BUSH



The Scouts with Mrs. Martin Johnson, a native gun-bearer, and two lions they shot



Native archers show a poisoned arrow to one of the Scouts



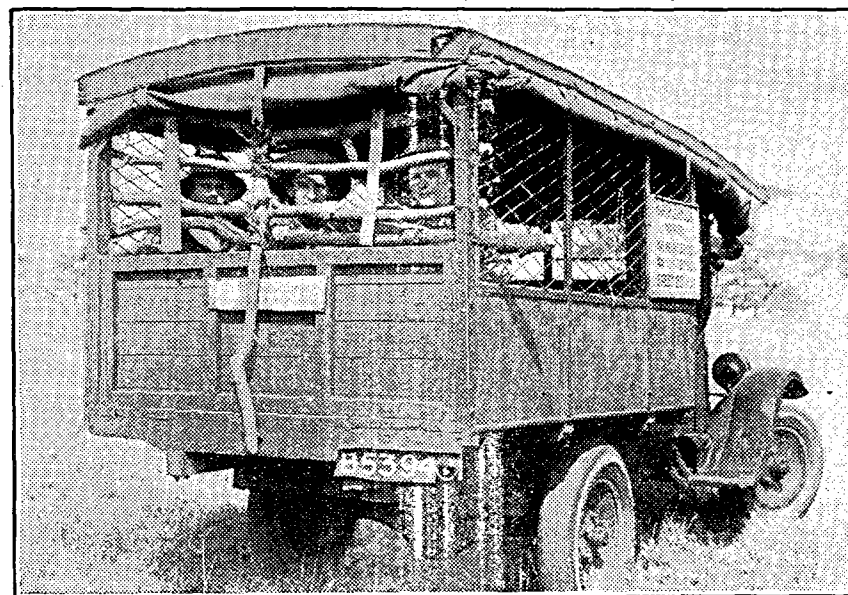
The hunter and the hunted — a fine water-buck



Examining a camera which was mauled by a lion



Making friends with a captured monkey



The motor-truck from which flashlight photographs were taken by night

What healthy boy has not longed to go out into the wilds in search of adventure? Three American Boy Scouts, chosen from among several hundreds, have had the rare opportunity of spending several months in British East Africa with Mr. and Mrs. Martin Johnson, the famous photographers of wild animals. These pictures were taken during their tour.

## THE HORSE ON THE LAND

### STILL FLOURISHING

A New Sort of Brass Finds its Way to the Collectors

### FRANCE'S WAR-HORSE

We have been passing through one of the most pleasant of all the year's series of competitions.

Ploughing contests have been in progress in all parts of the country, and to the delight of lovers of horses there has been a noticeable return by farmers from motor-traction to real horse-power.

With 2000 new motor-cars leaving our factories for the road each week it is obvious, apart from the evidence of the eye, that horses are being more and more reduced in numbers on our highways. In fact, on many long routes in the country a horse-drawn vehicle is now a rarity, almost an excitement. Some of the new arterial roads have one thing in common with beautiful Venice: they have hardly had a horse upon them.

### Descendants of the War-Horse

But we still look for horses on the land, and do not look in vain. There they are where their ancestors were. When gunpowder drove steel-clad men from the battlefield there ceased to be a use for the towering war-horses which had been evolved to carry them, so a new office had to be found for them.

They were put to work in the fields, and the Shire horses, the Clydesdales, and the sleek Suffolk Punches are simply the descendants of those old-time war-steeds. As evidence that we still really need heavy horses there is the fact that during the last few years a new type of big animal has been introduced into England.

This is France's one-time war weight-carrier, the great grey and black Percheron horse. It was these horses which were once enrolled against us, horses whose ancestors hauled the guns with which Napoleon fought our armies. The Percherons, formerly unknown in England, long ago reached Canada and America, which sent us many of them during our horse shortage in the Great War.

### English Percherons

The strangers found a ready welcome here. With the coming of peace a number of the best examples of pure-bred Percherons were brought over from France, and now we have a Percheron breed of our own, with time-honoured pedigrees recorded in the official stud books of France.

In spite of these examples of a re-flow of favour, the motor-tractor has created some horseless gaps in our fields, where, as on the roads, these trusty animals are known no more. One curious effect is that people are beginning to collect and treasure as knick-knacks relics of the great horse's adornments. In places we see a rich array of highly decorative brasses, heavily embossed with medallions: few people guess what they are.

### Superfluous Brasses

The brasses are Dobbin's old brooches. They are the ornaments which figure on the front of his bridle, running from the forehead down to the nose; and on the martingale, the strap which is attached beneath the head and passes below the neck and between the forelegs to the girth. Three of these brasses to the bridle, and four or five to the martingale, go to form a proud horse's jewellery.

As horses grow fewer the brasses become sadly superfluous and find their way to the collectors. The idea is quaint and curious, but very appealing to those who love the majestic great horse of the fields.



## THE 92 UMBRELLAS

### SOMETHING TO KEEP THE RAIN OFF

#### A Little Adventure in a Paris Auction Room

#### HOW IT ENDED

The C.N. Monthly has been telling a story of a merchant who had 203 apes sent to him instead of the 2 or 3 apes he had ordered. Our Hungary Correspondent sends us this story of a Frenchman who had a similar experience.

This queer experience happened not long ago to a man in Paris; we will call him Houplin.

Happening to walk past the Hotel Drouot, the great auctioneering place, it occurred to him to step in and see if he could not pick up something cheap as a Christmas present for his wife?

At one of the tables a handsome umbrella had just been put up for auction, and he decided to bid for it.

"Twelve francs!" he called out.

"Fourteen!" cried a man in the crowd.

"Sixteen!" retorted M. Houplin.

#### What 16 Francs Bought

There was no other bid, so the umbrella was made over to him. He paid his sixteen francs, tucked his prize under his arm, and was preparing to leave the building when he was stopped by an official who informed him that he must take with him all his umbrellas at once.

"All my umbrellas? What do you mean?"

"The lot you acquired consisted of 92 umbrellas. If you do not carry them away with you you will have to pay 50 francs a day for storage."

M. Houplin stared at him. What ever was he to do with 92 umbrellas?

#### Offered to the Public

He started by taking them home in a taxi and presenting his wife and daughter with five each, his mother-in-law with three, his Aunt Fanny with another three, his Uncle Émile with two, and the cook with one.

What should he do with the others? He couldn't very well go out into the street and give them to passers-by. They would think he had gone mad.

In the end he had what he fondly supposed a brilliant idea: he hired a handcart, loaded his umbrellas upon it, and, taking up his stand at the entrance of the Luxembourg Gardens, proceeded to offer them to the public at three francs apiece.

#### At the Police Station

He thought they would go like hot buns; but they didn't—far from it. Most people passed by unheeding; others stared and laughed, while some shook their heads reprovingly, evidently in the belief that he was trying to get rid of stolen goods. One man went so far as to confide his suspicions to a policeman, who bade M. Houplin follow him to the nearest police-station.

"But the umbrellas are mine!" protested the unfortunate man.

"Have you a pedlar's licence?" asked the inspector.

Well, of course he hadn't. So he was fined, and reprimanded, and told not to do it again. After which he was told he could go home.

But by that time he was pretty sick of his umbrellas; so, obeying an impulse which he again fondly imagined a happy one, he shunted them all behind a bush and went on with his empty handcart as though he had never owned an umbrella in his life, let alone six dozen of them.

But another policeman, thinking this an extremely suspicious proceeding, swooped down upon him and conveyed him back to the self-same police-station he had been discharged from ten minutes before. Here he was naturally received as a hardened offender, and it took him all his eloquence to convince the authorities that he was an honest man, merely

## DIANA OF THE ZOO

### How She Softened Her Heart

#### MAKING A FRIEND THROUGH THE BARS

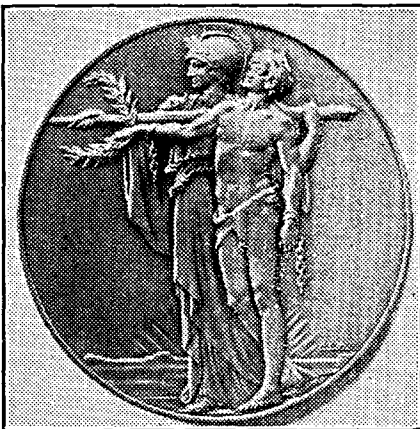
By Our Zoo Correspondent

The latest friendship at the Zoo is surprising and rather pathetic, for the animals concerned are Diana, the old pigmy hippopotamus and Jimmy, the baby pigmy from Sierra Leone.

Diana is one of the most jealous animals at the Zoo, and as she would like to be the sole recipient of the admiration of the public this hippo has never shown any affection for her fellow inmates of the menagerie.

She hated her first mate and cares little for her second; she resents the attention given to the large common hippos, and when Percy first arrived in the gardens Diana was so infuriated by his presence in a neighbouring cage that she tried to bite him through the bars, and sulked when anyone visited him.

However, the sight of the poor little animal struggling to cut his teeth must have softened Diana's jealous heart, for one day she was discovered making



This medal commemorating the tenth Armistice Day is the first one struck by the British Mint to be offered for sale to the public.

friendly noises to him through the bars; and now she has more or less adopted him.

The two animals do not share the same den because Diana's husband, Percy, might object to the baby hippo; but Jimmy lies against the bars that divide the dens and calls to Diana, and she then goes to him and replies.

She no longer sulks when Jimmy is petted, and when she calls to him the sounds she makes are those of a mother hippo calling to her young.

Monkeys frequently mother young or helpless specimens of their own kind, but at the Zoo the larger mammals rarely take a friendly interest in the tiny orphaned offspring of another member of their own species. Some years ago, however, a young elephant came to the menagerie, and as there was no den available it was decided to let him share a home with one of the large elephants, though it was felt that there was considerable risk attached to this arrangement. But, to the astonishment of the keepers, the old elephant adopted the little animal, guarding him fiercely, and seeing that he was fed before she herself took any food.

Continued from the previous column

suffering from too much umbrella. He ended by imploring the inspector with tears in his eyes to tell him what he had better do.

"The only advice I can give you," said that personage, "is to leave your umbrellas at some depot and omit to pay storage for them. After a lapse of a year and a day they will be sold at auction at the Hotel Drouot, and you will be quit of them for ever."

M. Houplin did as he was told. And he has decided not to go near the Hotel Drouot again—at any rate, not for a year and a day.

## BOY SCOUTS 5000 FEET UP

### How They Keep Themselves Warm

Five thousand feet above the sea, at Heiban, among the mountains to the west of the White Nile, is surely one of the strangest bodies of Boy Scouts in the whole Scout movement.

A brave New Zealander, Mr. D. N. MacDiarmid, went to Heiban soon after the war for the Sudan United Mission, and planted himself "amid a quarter of a million raw pagans." These people wore no clothes, but, when the cold winds came, rubbed themselves all over with oil, which caught all the dirt that happened to be about. Mr. MacDiarmid taught them to wear clothes.

#### The First Iron Tools

He has taught the boys to read out of lesson-books he has written in their own language telling their own folklore tales. He has taught them blacksmith's work, so that their parents have iron tools for the first time, in place of ten-foot ebony poles, for their agricultural work; and they make capital Scouts. But there are no Girl Guides and no girls at school, for the parent Nubians do not believe in educating girls.

The folklore tales in the Nuban reading-books have a strong family resemblance to the tales of Uncle Remus, who, it will be remembered, was a man of African origin; but as there are no rabbits in the Nuba Mountains Brer Rabbit's part is played by a harmless little leopard which lives in those parts.

Both boys and girls are good at English games and have a kind of hockey of their own in which the goals are villages two or three miles apart.

#### A TORTOISE GOES TO HOSPITAL

A recent visitor to the Canine Defence League's Earlsfield clinic was Terence the tortoise.

Terence had been taken indoors by a child and, after the manner of his kind, had failed to avoid the impact of a flat-iron accidentally dropped on him. The dome of his shell was badly broken and splintered. Mr. Watson, the resourceful head of the Clinic, decided that a little plastic surgery was called for. The cavity was cleaned, dressed, and plugged with collodion. A new growth of shell is now replacing the stopping, and Terence the tortoise is fast recovering his former vivacity.

#### A DOG SOWS HIS WILD OAT

Various foreign bodies, such as gramophone needles, are occasionally found in a dog's paws, but a very unusual case has come to the notice of the Canine Defence League.

A dog had been limping for some weeks without any known cause. A searching examination revealed the presence in his paw of a wild oat under the skin. On removal the oat was found to have germinated in the dog's paw, showing a healthy green shoot.

#### THE BUS CLIP

The C.N., in asking its readers to leave their tickets in the bus, has often urged the bus companies to provide boxes at the bus doors into which they may be deposited.

On some of the provincial omnibus services a different device for preventing litter is being tried. This is a patent cup-shaped clip fixed to the backs of the seats. Into this clip the passenger inserts his ticket immediately after he has bought it, and there it remains.

#### Pronunciations in This Paper

Altai . . . . .	Ahl-ti
Andromeda . . . . .	An-drom-e-dah
Csepel . . . . .	Chep-el
Kilimanjaro . . . . .	Kil-e-mahn-jah-ro

## THE HARBOUR LIGHTS OF ENGLAND

### MR. KIPLING AND THE MUD CREEKS

#### How Destiny Shaped the Sea Ports of the Great Sea Race

#### ENGLAND'S UPS AND DOWNS

Mr. Kipling is a great maker of phrases, and in speaking to seafarers the other day he added one which may live. He spoke of our harbours as "mud creeks which grew to be world-commanding ports."

However proud we are of the men who sailed from these ports we must not let a picturesque saying blind us to the truth of a marvellous fact.

The harbours of England were not mud creeks, as Mr. Kipling says, they are among the natural wonders of the world. It was destiny that shaped our ports, deep-dredge them as we may. Seamen did not make our harbours; our harbours called a nation of seamen into being. The task was performed in a manner extraordinary beyond human art.

#### Nature as an Engineer

It was not the outcome of mere chance that Africa, an entire continent, remained unexplored save on its northern coast, and its people uncivilised, while tiny Britain became the foremost nation of the age and mistress of one-fifth of the globe. Africa has no great harbours on her western seaboard; our eastern coast is a net-work of them.

Nature was our engineer. She is a supreme conjuror, who at a pass of her wand caused England to vanish again and again beneath the sea and summoned her back from the deep, but never to quite the same elevation of land as before. Sometimes we sank little and came up much; sometimes we sank deep and failed to regain our ancient level.

#### How the Harbours Were Formed

Our last immersion was followed by an upthrust of the more gentle order. We are lower today than we were before our last descent. The consequence is that the old valley mouths through which our great rivers once poured to the ocean remain in existence, but below the level of the sea. All the soft material that could be scoured away had been carved out by the action of ancient waters, and when the land rose once more from the sea the old estuaries lay deep beneath the level of banks and coasts and formed incomparable natural harbours.

Man was probably here before an inrush of the North-Sea drowned what had been an enormous river valley; or he may have ferried himself in his primitive coracle over the narrow waters which first constituted the North Sea and the English Channel. But the harbours were here before him, colossal anchorages for his little craft, sufficient sanctuaries for the huge ships which his descendants were to build. They were no mud creeks, but the cradles of fleets which were to sail the Seven Seas and bring treasure home from all the distant lands to our deep-water moorings.

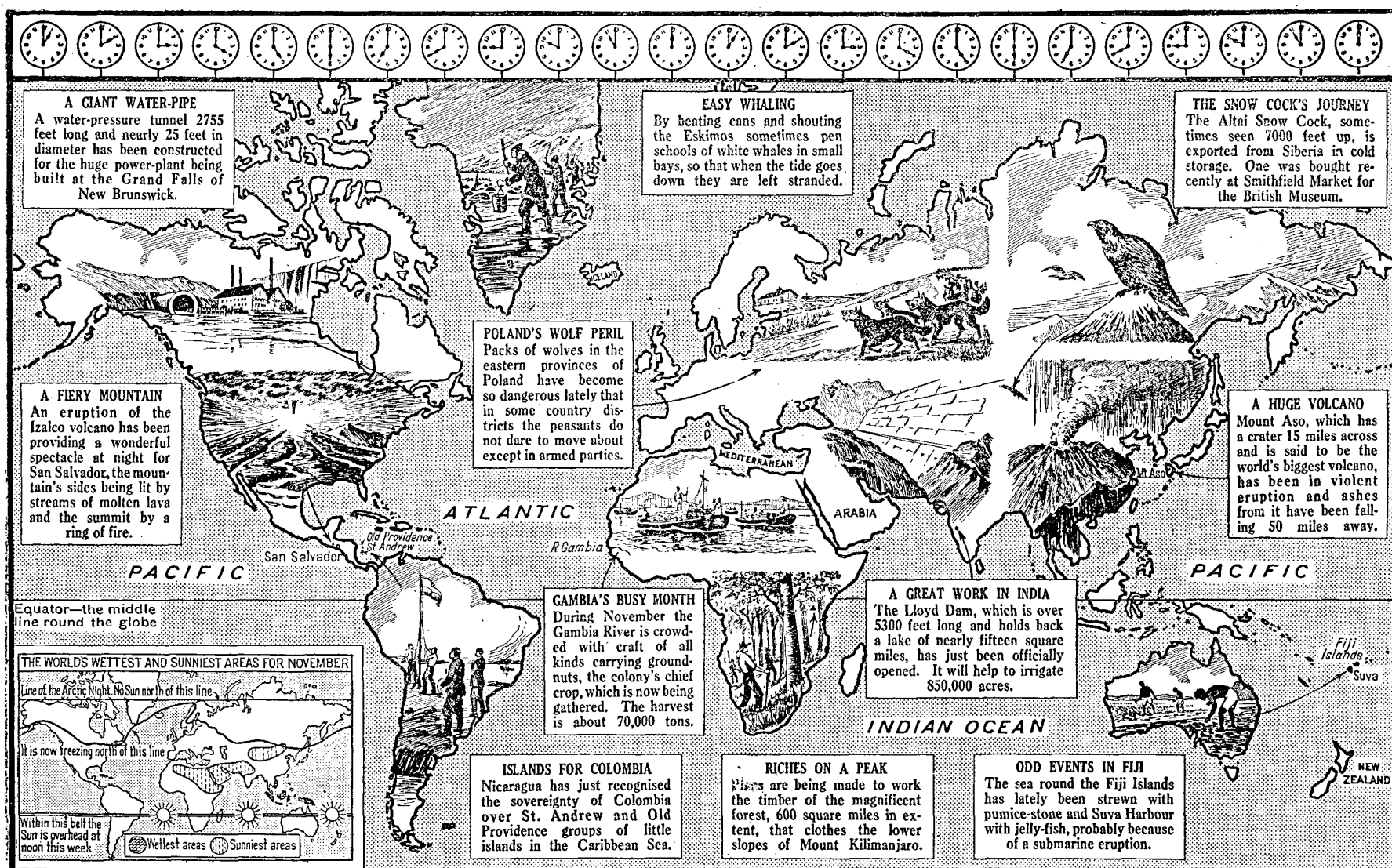
#### The Work of the Sea

The coastline changes in places as the waves pound and thrash and gnaw, but the great conjuror can cozen safety out of destruction, and the sea is made to barricade itself out by the very product of its violence. It has but to batter down enough cliff and it forms a natural breakwater, to loosen and carry enough sand to raise dunes that bid their maker halt.

The harbours in their original magnitude survive, and the stately ships come in to safety—not to mud creeks but to ancient sites of estuaries where once the hippopotamus sported and the crocodile split the air with its roars.



# PICTURE-NEWS AND TIME MAP SHOWING EVENTS ALL OVER THE WORLD



## HALF A SHIP, HALF A SHIP The Suevic's Chequered Story

If ships could talk the Suevic would tell the seagulls, "I have suffered many a sea-change!"

She was a transport in the South African War. Then she became a liner. Then she became a wreck. She was driven on to the Cornish rocks in a gale in 1907, and the rocks would not let her go. Her forepart had to be blown up with dynamite, and then her afterpart was towed to Southampton.

Half a ship is better than none. Messrs. Harland & Wolff made a new forepart, which was towed to Southampton, and in two months the Suevic was neatly joined. No lives had been lost in the wreck, and the patched ship was as good as ever.

With the Great War the Suevic became a transport again. Now she is making another change. At 28 a Norwegian firm is turning her into a whaling depot ship. Plenty of adventures lie ahead of her in her new life.

## WORLD'S LARGEST DAM New Wonder for India

The world's biggest dam was opened the other day by Sir Arthur Leslie Wilson, Governor of Bombay, at Bhatgar near Poona.

Before its completion the Exchequer Dam in America claimed to be the highest in the world, but this new Lloyd Dam beats it with a height of 190 feet. The lake behind it is 17 miles long, and will hold 150,000 million gallons. The dam contains over 21 million cubic feet of masonry, two million cubic feet more than the Assuan Dam in Egypt.

The dam completes a scheme of irrigation which will give a constant supply of water to hundreds of thousands of acres of arid land, and so will produce increased crops to the value of over four million pounds a year at a capital cost of only eight million pounds.

## A GOOD WAY WITH MUD Dartmouth Deals With It

Mud is never popular, and Dartmouth Town Council was not at all proud of the area known as Coombe Mud. The people thought stretches of mud near a town as bad as lumps of mud on a carpet.

So they are going to build a river wall across the mud at a cost of £25,000. They are going to dredge the harbour and dump the dredging beyond the wall till the space is level, and then they will lay it out as a pleasure ground with a fine road running across it.

Motor traffic will be able to use this road instead of threading the narrow streets of Dartmouth, and thus there will be a new and quicker route between Torquay and Plymouth.

The Devon County Council and the Ministry of Health are helping Dartmouth to pay for its war on mud.

## AUTOMATIC TRAFFIC SIGNALS

### Scotland to the Fore

We mentioned not long ago the use of automatic light signals for regulating street traffic in America and their trial in London and at Coventry.

An Edinburgh reader now tells us that at the crossroads in York Place in that city clockwork light signals have been used successfully for about a year.

The system is the same as that adopted at Coventry. Each light except the one marked Caution (our correspondent says) stays for 20 seconds and then changes. If you come up when Stop has just lit up you must wait till Go appears, but the people do not seem to mind waiting, as there have not been any accidents.

So in this practical light signalling, as in all things else, Scotland is well to the fore.

## PRINCESS OF THE SNOWS Off to Spitsbergen

It seems queer that a princess from Egypt should be a victim of the Spitsbergen Disease, which is said to be an overwhelming desire to return to the Arctic regions once you have been there.

Yet such is the case of Princess Emina Meusret, King Fuad's niece, who has paid several visits to Spitsbergen, and is so in love with it that she has decided to build a house there.

The princess is a philosopher, for she thinks it worth while to endure the long dark winter "to experience that unexplainable feeling that besets one when, after months of unbroken darkness, the Sun comes with the first heralding of spring."

## BY TUBE TO THE AERODROME

Stimulated by Croydon's example, the authorities at Le Bourget, the great air port outside Paris, are setting to work to enlarge and remodel it.

In one respect, at any rate, they may shoot ahead of their British rival. Croydon air passengers are taken out to the aerodrome in motor-cars from Central London. Le Bourget is considering an underground service of non-stop electric trains from a central terminus near the Place de l'Opéra, where baggage, passports, Customs, and tickets would all be dealt with by the most up-to-date methods.

## In the Auction Rooms

The following prices have lately been paid in the auction rooms for objects of interest.

A Charles II bowl, 1628 . . .	£1036
A pair of candlesticks, 1747 . . .	£1000
Silver cake-basket, 1738 . . .	£309
Landscape by Jan Van Goyen . . .	£294
George IV silver bowl . . .	£271
George III soup tureen . . .	£255
Queen Anne grandfather clock . . .	£178
A 10d. stamp, 1865 . . .	£160
George II silver sugar bowl . . .	£154
A 4d. stamp, 1876 . . .	£130
Two Georgian silver flower-pots . . .	£96

## THE ROBOT STRIKES THE BALANCE A Bank's New Idea

How much have you got in your bank? That is the bank's secret, and the bank keeps it safe.

The Midland Bank is now going to let its depositors into its secret, telling them by post at frequent intervals exactly how they stand, how much they have paid in, how much they have had to take out, and whether they have enough left to buy Mother a new fur coat and the children a copy of Arthur Mee's new book.

This would seem to be putting a new strain on the accuracy of all those hard-working bank clerks who add up the ledgers and keep the customer's account more carefully than he can do himself.

But no. The new work is to be done by special kinds of adding machines which never make mistakes, never get tired, and feed on figures. The Robot Bank Clerk is on his way. If only Father could have him in the home and get him always to keep the balance straight!

## THE ADVERTISING RECORD OF DANIEL NEAL

Something like a record in the advertisement world must have been created by Daniel Neal, whose well-known boots and shoes have become familiar to a multitude of people through the back cover of My Magazine.

The advertisement of Daniel Neal has been on the magazine cover from the first number until this month, when the cover appears without it for the first (and no doubt the last) time. It is without it by courtesy of Daniel Neal, who was good enough to set the cover free for the Editor to advertise his Hundred-Thousand-Picture Book.

There is probably no other magazine in which one advertiser has kept the cover so long.



## CHILDREN'S NEWSPAPER

NOVEMBER 17 1928

## Lay Down Their Arms

WHEN the clock strikes the appointed hour on Armistice Day it is heard round the world. It is the signal for heads bowed in reverence, for a hush more majestic and more moving than any sound could be. What thoughts mingle with the heartbeats in which the moments of the Silence are counted?

There are thoughts of old unhappy far-off things. There is remembrance of the unreturning brave. There is sorrow, there is resignation, there is reverence. There is hope.

The strongest and dearest hope in our hearts is that never again shall another Cenotaph be needed. This Cenotaph round which the nation gathers every November is the nation's altar of sacrifice. It is our resolve that never again shall be offered at it the lives of the young, the brave, the beloved.

Is there any way in which that high resolve, silent as the Silence but echoing round the world, can be consecrated and made plain? A poet has suggested a way, and it is a way that stirs the human heart. Let the soldiers who come to this moving ceremony *come unarmed*. Let their arms be left behind them.

It is a beautiful idea. It would be a symbol of that laying down of arms, that putting aside of war between nations, of which the Peace Pact is the promise.

Is there anything unfitting in that symbolic act? Nothing. The civilian soldiers who left all for the sake of their country come armed only with wreaths of remembrance.

It is only to the War Minister that the idea seems ludicrous. To this great warrior's mind it seems that the soldiers might as well come without their boots!

It would be wrong if a piece of cynicism like this were allowed to leave our War Office without a protest. It is a callous thing to say. We prefer the ideas of Mr. Baldwin, and the King, and Lord Cushendun to those of Sir Laming Worthington-Evans. The King declares that the League is our only hope. Lord Cushendun declares that our policy is friendship all round. Mr. Baldwin declares that our policy is always peace.

It is not the first time a War Office brain has been obstinate to a great idea, but there are immense consolations. War Offices will in future take their orders from the people, and the people see nothing ludicrous in the unarmed soldier at the Cenotaph. We are on the side of the King and the Prime Minister in this matter, and not of the War Minister. The cause of peace will survive a little sneer, and the Unarmed Soldier will soon be standing at the Cenotaph.



## THE EDITOR'S TABLE

John Carpenter House, London

above the hidden waters of the ancient River Fleet, the cradle of the Journalism of the world



## Late News

VERY baffling are the coincidences of daily life.

On the Editor's desk there lay for two months a newspaper cutting describing the unveiling of a monument to Captain Cook at the spot where he landed in Hawaii 150 years ago. At last, despairing of finding a corner for the news, the cutting was thrown away, and the next day the news reached the Editor that the monument was unveiled by a C.N. girl, Cecilia Cruickshank, who was born at Aberdeen but has lived at Kauai for eight years.

That is all we know, alas! for the news that lay so long unused and so strangely became interesting is now beyond recall. But we send our greetings to Cecilia so far away.

## A Peace Plan

The American Ambassador to Turkey, Mr. J. C. Grew, has a Peace Plan of his own.

If I had a son (says Mr. Grew) I should endeavour to teach him cheerfulness, tolerance, courtesy, and culture, and, above all, I should say to him again and again: "My son, whatever happens to you, don't lose your sense of humour."

Governments and parliaments and the public are composed of sons and daughters, and they make war or maintain peace. If governments and parliaments and the public become more optimistic as regards their neighbours, more cheerful, and smile rather than scowl upon other nations, more tolerant of divergent views in politics and religion, more courteous in the conduct of their relations, more cultured and thus more able to appreciate the culture of other nations, and withal possessing that sense of humour which reduces mountains to molehills and smoothes away friction with a laugh: why, there you have my peace plan.

## The Scout

Just a little cleaner, smarter than the rest,  
Rather better mannered, rather better dressed;  
Prompt obeying orders, thoughtful all the while,  
Not forgetting ever to whistle and to smile;  
Kind to every creature, gentle with the old,  
Strong against a bully, honourable and bold;  
Bold against the bad things, for the good things strong,  
There you have a Boy Scout, subject of my song.

Colwyn Philipps, killed in the war

## A Prayer for Good Thinking

Almighty God, by whose grace Thy servants are enabled to fight the good fight of faith, inspire us to yield our hearts to Thine obedience and to exercise our wills on Thy behalf.

Help us to think wisely, to speak rightly, to resolve bravely, to act kindly, to live purely. Bless us in body and in soul, and make us a blessing.

## Why Stop the C.N.?

ONE of the good Canons of St. Paul's, speaking from that famous pulpit, has declared his belief that it would be for the moral health of the country if for a month no newspapers were allowed to appear.

We hope our readers will not agree with him. We do not see how it would be for the good of the country if the C.N. were stopped.

## Tip-Cat

A WOMAN of 75 at a physical training school can touch her toes. Not many, in these hard times, can make both ends meet.

THE gas industry has done well for over a hundred years. And made light of it.

A MOTORIST thinks some pedestrians walk as if they owned the road. Pedestrians think some motorists ride as if they owned the Earth.

EDUCATE the grown-ups, somebody has been saying. We are doing our best.

SHOULD not the portrait of the woman wearing one monocle and two dogs have shown two monocles and one dog?

A MAN who won £15,000 in a competition says his wife will still bake her own bread. And he will enjoy a loaf.

How, asks a writer, does the average man strike the average woman of today? He doesn't; he is too polite.

THERE are bitter complaints that the money-grabbing middleman grows nothing. Not even his hair?

## A Nature Note for November.

THERE is a lovely spray of laburnum out in flower in our garden. I have a rabbit and a guinea-pig.

Richard Hardy of Cheltenham, aged 7

## A Boon and a Blessing

PROHIBITION has helped more women and children in the United States than any other movement in the last twenty-five years. I have studied it and I know that, whatever may be said to the contrary, it has been a great boon and a blessing to America.

It is a great pity that our big newspapers in this country should take incidents which have nothing on Earth to do with Prohibition and twist them and turn them into arguments against Prohibition.

Grenfell of Labrador

Every man is born into two communities, the Cosmopolis and his native city.

Seneca

## Emigrants

WHERE do you come from, dahlia bold?  
Mexicans gathered my flowers of old.

Where do you come from, crocus flame?

Out of Italian groves I came.  
Where do you come from, sunflower high?

Child of Peru's hot plains am I.  
Where do you come from, peony red?

Mandarins walked beside my bed.  
Where do you come from, tulip pied?

Persian warriors taught me pride.  
Where do you come from, fuchsia gay?

Columbus saw me, Jamaica way.  
Where do you come from, sweet clove pink?

Normandy, by the Channel's brink.  
Where do you come from, lovely rose?

Only the Hand that made me knows.

Hither and thither my boughs have curled

For I was meant for the whole round world. Country Girl

## A Minute or Two

REMEMBERING that Sir Joseph Duveen had arranged to give a splendid sum of money that will build the addition so long needed for the National Portrait Gallery we made it our business to look in at this wonderful but overcrowded building.

We felt pretty sure most of the portraits knew about it, and were pleased to think that at last some of them could be hung in less crowded lines, pleased that it would be possible to house more studies of famous heads for remembrance.

Henry James's portrait by Sargent was looking more genial than usual, for James in his day loved pictures, and sat once in John Ruskin's house dreaming over a picture of an old Doge by Titian, "a work of transcendent beauty and elegance"; and Watts's magnificent portrait of Tennyson's grand face with its background of green leaves seemed awake.

A minute or two to look at one portrait only would be a wonderful inspiration to the thousands of passers-by.

## THE BROADCASTER

C.N. Calling the World

THE Government of the Dutch Indies has forbidden the export of wild apes for menageries.

EIGHT million rose trees are planted in England every year.

COURT GRANGE, at Abbotskerwell, in Devon, has been given to the National Institute for the Blind.

AN old woman of seventy has taken all her savings to the Nottingham Hospital; they were £34.

TEN thousand pounds has been raised in Berkshire for the League of Nations Union.

SOMEBODY unknown has sent £500 to the Treloar Cripples Homes.



## THE BOY FROM THE SMITHY

### WHAT HE HAS DONE FOR HIS COUNTRY

#### The Hour That Struck For Bohemia in the Great War

#### CROWNING OF MASARYK'S WORK

One day a man arrived at a humble little house in Slovakia. He did not look at all rich but his hands were not roughened by toil. When the cottage door was opened some such conversation as this took place:

"Does a coachman called Masaryk live here? I used to teach his son."

The coachman came forward and said, "Yes, I remember. Well, my boy is a blacksmith now. I apprenticed him to a locksmith at first, but he did not like it, and so I made him a blacksmith."

"He wanted to be a teacher," said the schoolmaster.

"Ah, well," said the coachman, "I humoured him for a bit, but by and by I said to myself that schooling costs money, and it was time the boy earned something, so I told him he must give up his fine notions."

"I think you are wrong," replied the schoolmaster. "Your boy is clever, and he loves books so well that I am sure he will never make a blacksmith."

#### In Old Bohemia

In the end the schoolmaster persuaded the coachman to send the boy back to his studies.

Masaryk became a lecturer in philosophy at the University of Vienna, and he wrote books which were read by learned men in all countries. People who would never have heard of Masaryk the blacksmith knew Masaryk the philosopher for a man with a noble view of life. That is why foreigners listened when Masaryk talked about the wrongs of his nation.

The Czechs and Slovaks were two races living in the old kingdom of Bohemia. Once Bohemia was proud and free, but it was a very little country surrounded by powerful ones, and Austria determined to annex it. The end of the struggle came at the Battle of the White Hill in 1620 when the Bohemian army was beaten, the national leaders were executed, and a Protestant country was forced to accept the Roman Catholic faith of conquering Austria.

#### Slave of the Hapsburgs

From 1620 till our day the little nation was a slave in the house of the Hapsburgs, the ruling dynasty of Austria, but it never ceased to desire freedom. Masaryk's speeches and the newspaper he founded did more than anything to strengthen this desire.

With the World War came the chance of escape from bondage. Masaryk was condemned to death; but he managed to get away, and in spite of spies he slipped safely across Europe to England. Thence he sent out powerful appeals to the great Powers of the world to recognise his country's right to freedom. The world hearkened.

#### Republic's Tenth Birthday

With the fall of the Hohenzollerns and Hapsburgs the hour struck. The old kingdom of Bohemia was reborn as the Czecho-Slovak Republic, and Masaryk was elected President.

The other day the Republic celebrated its tenth birthday, for the declaration of independence was made on October 28, 1918. Every house was decorated, bands and processions marched through the streets, and there was a pilgrimage to the White Hill in memory of those who made their last stand for liberty three centuries ago.

We fear Masaryk's old schoolmaster cannot have lived to see this day, for the president was born in 1850, but perhaps he knows how his work was crowned.

## A SQUARE YARD OF THE SUDAN

THE Sudan with the fierce glare of the tropic sun, with the parched air by day, the soil that is moistened by the Nile, is inspected day and night by the botanists at Rothamsted.

They do not have to go by steamer and dahabiyeh to see it, but have made a replica of it which they keep by them in their experimental garden. Their bit of the Sudan is kept in a glass box about as large as a good-sized packing case.

At the bottom of the glass box is a foot of Sudan soil. Electric light and a proper allowance of ultra-violet rays flood the interior of the box, and there is enough radiation to raise the temperature of the box to 90 degrees in the shade, or much more than that in the artificial sunlight. There are sprays for moisten-

ing the air when needed and for keeping the soil just as the Mother Sudan makes it.

The light comes and goes in the box and on the soil as day dawns and night falls in the Tropics, and it is by such means that the soil is made to feel quite at home. Feeling so, it supports some of the cotton plants now sown in the Sudan to make it one of the great cotton-producing areas of the Empire.

The object of growing cotton at Rothamsted in exact imitation of the conditions in the Sudan is to find a means of defeating a new parasitic disease which is destroying it. If that could be done the cotton of the Sudan would thrive, and Manchester would benefit by millions of pounds.

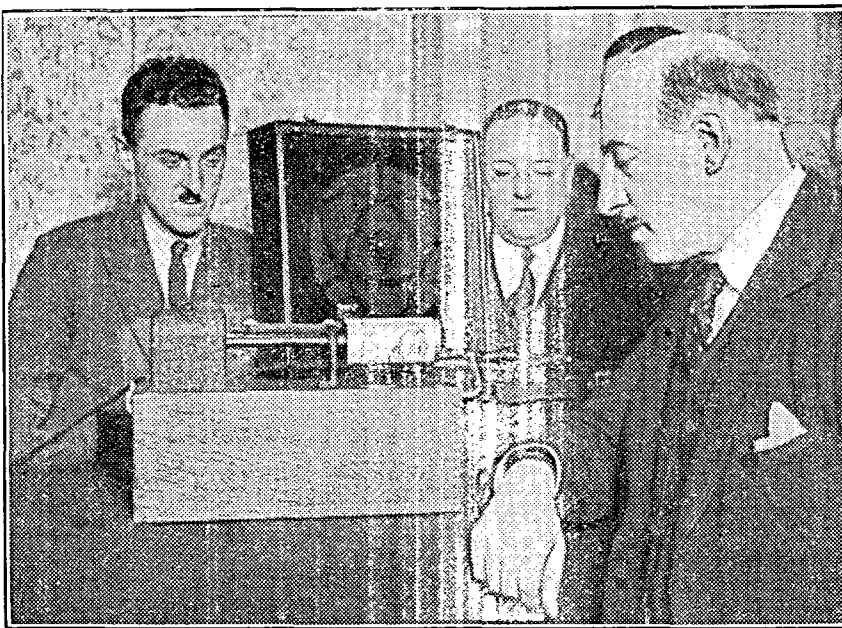
## FROM PICTURE A.B.C. TO PICTURE B.B.C.



Mr. Raven Hill's cartoon



The King's portrait



The first B.B.C. picture arriving; Mr. Fulton is watching it

The picture A.B.C. is older than Grandfather's days. The picture B.B.C. has just come. A portrait of the King and a cartoon by Mr. Raven Hill are the first pictures sent out by the B.B.C. on the Fultograph, described in the C.N. not long ago by one of its inventors. Below Mr. Otho Fulton is watching the arrival of the picture on the first transmission.

## PUSHING BABY TO SCOTLAND

ONE fine day a lady with six children and two nursemaids set out from St. John's Wood.

"Where are you going for your walk?" asked a neighbour.

"To Scotland," was the reply.

The journey took seven weeks, and proved delightful. It was a pleasure trip resolved upon by Marion Adams-Acton, when her youngest child was scarcely a year old and had to be wheeled all the way in a queer old perambulator with three wooden wheels, for it was 1887. Now the lady who planned this original walk has passed away at 80. Mrs. Marion Adams-Acton was something more than a great

walker. Robert Browning, George Eliot, Landseer, Millais, Leighton, the Gladstones, John Bright, Cardinal Manning, Cecil Rhodes, Parnell, and Spurgeon were her friends. At 19 she had published a novel which ran through 12 editions, and later she wrote plays which were staged by such great actors as Toole and Brandon Thomas.

She was greatly interested in the work of her husband, the sculptor, which can be seen at St. Paul's and Westminster Abbey, yet she found time to do an immense amount for the poor and fallen, together with her friend Mrs. Gladstone. She seemed to sum up in herself all that was noblest in the great Victorian Age.

## A MAN WHO DID GREAT THINGS

### HALF A CENTURY IN AFRICA

#### Old Bedford School Boy on the Lake of Nyasa

#### THE COURAGE FROM HEAVEN

There was much that reminds us of Paul about the venerable Archdeacon Johnson who has just passed peacefully away at Liuli, on the shores of Lake Nyasa, after spending 53 years in Africa for the Universities Mission.

After being at Bedford School and University College, Oxford, where he was stroke of the college Eight when it was head of the river, he intended going into the Indian Civil Service; but it was just after Livingstone had been buried in Westminster Abbey, and the call was coming to undergraduates to follow up his work. Putting all his ambitions on one side, young Johnson, in 1875, decided to go out to complete the work that Livingstone had begun.

#### The Man Who Never Sits Down

His first work was among the freed slaves settled at Masasi, where his energy earned him the name, which stuck to him to the end of his life, of The Man Who Never Sits Down. He was always at work, preaching by deeds rather than words. He would pass on to a needy African the clothes just sent out to him from friends in England. He would refuse to eat European food lest his black friends should look upon him as "possessed of great possessions" and too proud to share their humble fare.

His privations during those early years, including the looting of his house, from which he barely escaped alive, led for a time to total blindness, and though, after a visit to England, he regained the sight of one eye, he was troubled with defective sight till the end of his life.

After one furlough the indefatigable young missionary took back with him a steamer packed up in 400 parts, which he reconstructed on the lake side and used for cruising along the shores of Nyasa.

#### What He Did

The story of his life was beautifully epitomised in the tribute paid to him in 1911 when his old university conferred on him an honorary D.D. degree. Dr. Lock said of him:

*While he preached the Gospel how much else did he achieve! He ended feuds, reconciled enemies at war, improved the condition of women, founded schools, educated boys, planted trees, laid out gardens, saw to the building of a steam-boat, and steered the boat when built.*

*He had to traverse districts hitherto untrodden by man, swampy morasses, virgin forests. Beasts of prey howled round him; enemies hovered on every side, threatening his life, now with treachery, now with open assault. Sickness impaired his strength, mosquitoes turned scars to festering sores. From his journeyings through the heart of Africa he has not brought back his body unscathed, for one eye is sightless.*

*Whatever he undertook he made up his mind to perform; wherever he had to go he insisted on going, vigorous, active, undismayed, alike in youth and in maturer years, inspired with a courage given him by Heaven.*

It all reads like that story of Paul in his travels two thousand years ago, "in journeyings often, in peril of robbers, shipwrecked, a captive..." It reminds us that the last chapter of the Acts of the Apostles has not yet been written.



## TCHENG

### A CHINESE TALKS TO THE C.N.

The Fine Word That Represents the Chinese People

#### WORK AND LOVE

By La Petite Européenne

Our French correspondent sends us these notes on a little talk she has had in Geneva.

I have just had a most interesting time with a young Chinese of 29 whose life has been more crowded with change than any life I have heard of.

I knew him by name before, because he is the youngest professor at the Sorbonne, and because he has already published a book; but I did not expect to find him in Switzerland.

Here they no longer call him Mr. Tcheng. He is simply Tcheng—the Tcheng of everybody. That is probably because he is regularly bringing here his bit of work for international peace.

#### A Leading Question

Before I write what Tcheng said I will say what he is. Born at Nanking, China's Nationalist capital, in 1899, Cheng Tcheng went to school early according to the customs of China, but as soon as he came into touch with an American Mission School he moved there.

"What is your God?" was his first question to the missionaries.

"Read the Bible," they said. So he learned English to read the Bible.

The first Chinese Revolution came when he was a boy of 14. It was a revelation to him. But what could the most gifted boy of that age do in politics? He felt he knew nothing, and that he must study. So he shut himself up in a Buddhist monastery and studied Chinese philosophy, then Greek philosophy, and then on and on up to the thought of our time. He was now 17, had no money, and must work for his bread. He accepted the offer of an engineer working on one of the railways.

#### Work and Study in Paris

Soon he happened to hear that in Europe work to earn a living and the chance of study could go together. So, poor as he was, he started for the West at once. He knew English well, and made up his mind to go to France.

In Paris he became a workman in a carpentry factory, and henceforward went on hoarding a little money from his work at the factory, then spending it on books and lessons.

This went on for some years, but not all in Paris. Tcheng wished to see more of the world, so he went to several university towns, the last being Padua in Italy. He took degree after degree until he had won the highest degree in the highest French school, and was offered a professorship in Chinese studies.

#### An Enormous Task

So much for Cheng Tcheng's life-story, and now for what he said.

Forty-seven centuries ago (said he) China included a million square miles. Today it includes ten million square miles. How did it get this new land? It did not conquer it with an army; it conquered it through work, that is, through a struggle with the very earth.

There were huge mountains in China, but its people dragged them down, pulled them flat little by little, making more flat surface for their plantations. All joined in the enormous task. The Chinese millions, in course of time, made room for themselves by work.

Cheng Tcheng also said: "When I arrived in the West I found everything different from my country. The houses, meals, dresses, people, their habits, their way of thinking, all were different. Then I thought 'Shall I ever find something common to China and the West?' But, next day, on a railway platform, I saw a man weeping.

"He had just lost his mother. This, at last, was like my country. Love was

## A CRY FROM THE DIAMOND FIELDS

### THE WEALTH THAT IS NO WEALTH

No Roads, No Houses, and Water Fourpence a Gallon

#### TALE OF A CRICKET PITCH

From the midst of riches there comes a cry for help.

The new Lichtenburg diamond fields in the Western Transvaal have need of missionaries and motor-cars. The fields, which cover a wide area and have already a population of 150,000, have no main roads, no permanent houses, and have to obtain their water supply from afar at a cost of fourpence a gallon.

Nature seems to delight to make mineral wealth hard to win; gold, diamonds, and other precious stones in the barren ways, radium in the deadly wilds of fever-haunted jungle where savage beasts and still more terrible insects have dominion, and, for those who can get it, coal beneath the ice of the Arctic and Antarctic regions.

#### In Western Australia

The great Coolgardie and Kalgoorlie goldfields of Western Australia formerly presented as arid and forbidding a face as that of Lichtenburg today. They lie 1300 feet from the distant source of their water supply, which is now laid on by an immense system of pipes. During the nine years in which the district was emerging from the unknown into recognition as a centre capable of yielding yearly tons of gold the pioneers had to pay as much as 2s. a gallon for drinking-water.

Not many years ago an English Test Match team arrived in Kalgoorlie to play a match against the local cricketers. The occasion was one of a high festival, for the Kalgoorlie club had newly installed its first grass wicket. The turf of which it was composed had been brought from pastures 460 miles away, and the water to make it grow had been carried 350 miles.

It is not in the hot lands alone, of course, that discomfort and privation confront the pioneer. Lichtenburg's plight recalls the old days when the great Free Church missions began their work in North America. Beyond the towns there were no places of worship for them. They had to go out into the wilds and preach in the forests.

#### In the Untrodden Ways

To ensure a congregation for the minister a man was sent forth some time in advance to give notice to the country round. But how was the minister to find the way his agent had gone, how come to the meeting-place in the wilderness? Ages before Boy Scouts were dreamed of men blazed trails in the untrodden ways; Wesley's men blazed trails for their ministers.

Whenever a new circuit was planned men would split bushes indicating the way they had gone, by which those who came after should follow. The plan worked admirably until enemies of the missionaries discovered the secret and split bushes in the wrong places, so leading the poor parsons and their friends out into the untracked forests, where wild deer and wilder beasts of prey were the only congregations awaiting them.

Continued from the previous column

the same here as there. Love ought to be the universal bond."

This came as a flash of inspiration to Cheng Tcheng. The love of mothers was the same all over the Earth. He would write a universal book called My Mother, and he would ask the man weeping on the platform to write an introduction to the book.

Who does not find the hand of God in Tcheng's inspiration on hearing that the man on the platform was no other than Paul Valery, the famous French Academician?

## NEWS FROM EVERYWHERE



Gathered by

Over 44 million herrings were caught in one day off Yarmouth.

About a million pounds a week is spent on British roads.

Birmingham has received a gift of 17 acres of land for use as playing-fields.

The Willesden Council has now lent over a million pounds to help its people to buy their houses.

The Southern Railway now has its first fabric-covered railway carriage, on the London-Bournemouth line.

Nearly 40,000 pets a year are dealt with at the four clinics of the Canine Defence League.

The Queen of Swaziland, mother of its King, has been received into the Wesleyan Church.

Over 10,000 schoolchildren of France and Germany are regularly exchanging letters.

#### Tulips for London Parks

Two hundred varieties of British-grown tulips are to be planted in London Parks.

#### Restoration of the Parthenon

Mr. Otto Kahn, the American millionaire, is providing Greece with funds to restore the Parthenon.

#### London's Milk Supply

Two lorries run up to London every day from Andover and Alresford with 6000 gallons of milk between them.

#### Every Little Helps

The Chancellor of the Exchequer has received anonymously a £20 War Bond for cancellation.

#### The Zeppelin's £15,000 Mail

The German Zeppelin brought back to Germany over 100,000 letters and packets weighing about a ton and yielding over £15,000 in stamps.

#### Something like a Miracle

When a touring-car crashed into a lorry and overturned the other day not one egg in a case of 200 in the car was broken.

#### A Thrifty Needlewoman

A thrift competition at Surbiton was won by a woman who made a boy's waistcoat from the legs of an old pair of trousers.

#### A Cat's 100-Mile Walk

A black cat, taken by a family from Annan to Stranraer, was found back at its old home, 100 miles away, 11 days later.

#### Lincolnshire Pulpit to Yorkshire Pew

The pulpit of a chapel near Doncaster is in Lincolnshire while the congregation sits in Yorkshire.

#### A Servant of Literature

English literature has lost a good servant in Mr. William Leonard Courtney, who has died after a useful life of 78 years, leaving many valuable books behind him.

## THE PRIMATE'S FAREWELL

Six thousand people crowded Canterbury Cathedral to hear the farewell sermon of Dr. Davidson, after 25 years of office as Primate of all England and 50 years of public service.

"I thank God upon every remembrance of you all, for your fellowship in the Gospel from the first day until now," were the Archbishop's last words.

## CHILDREN'S CONCERTS

In the excitement of the opening of the Children's Theatre in London we must not forget the orchestral concerts for children held at the Central Hall, Westminster.

These concerts have now been running nearly five years, and we are glad to see that the boys in the audience are not so far outnumbered this year as they have been formerly.

## FAREWELL TO THE BIG WHEEL

Blackpool Losing a Landmark

### THE GREAT THING THAT MUST COME DOWN

Those of us who have visited Blackpool will remember the Big Wheel, which stands near to the front and can be seen from miles away. It has stood there as long as many of us can remember, and somehow we expected that it would stay with us to the end of time.

Now it has been announced by the Blackpool Tower and Winter Gardens Company that it is impracticable to run the Big Wheel any longer, and that it must come down. The work is to start this month, and it will go on till about the middle of January, and as the balance of the structure must be preserved all the time it will not be an easy task.

#### Millions of Passengers

Over 32 years ago Mr. H. Cecil Booth was commissioned to supervise the construction of the wheel, and it was formally opened in 1896. Since then it must have carried millions of passengers, for 900 people could be packed into its thirty cars at one time. From the pavement it appears immense, standing as it does 260 feet above sea-level and measuring 220 feet from the ground to its topmost girder.

Many will be sorry to see this old Fylde landmark disappear, and it will be regretted most of all, perhaps, by those people who have spent many happy holidays in Blackpool, and have afterwards taken home with them a picture of the Tower and Big Wheel. Now, if they are wise, they will take care of such pictures, which may become of historic value.

## HUNGARY HAS A NEW PORT

Half a Million Well Spent

On October 20 the Regent of Hungary opened, in the presence of the Prime Minister, the Diplomatic Corps, and a large and distinguished audience, the newly-completed free port of Budapest.

Hungary has no longer any seaport since Fiume was taken from her, and so it is all the more essential for her to have a good port on the Danube, which is one of the most important waterways in Europe.

In the eighties of the last century the port of Budapest was held to be the best appointed and most frequented on this river. But in the course of the years it was superseded and had to take a second place. That is not a state of affairs easily acquiesced in by a nation of spirit and enterprise, and a few years ago the Hungarian Government resolved to remedy it, in spite of the almost insuperable difficulties which the impoverished condition of the country presented.

Last summer the great task was completed. Originally started with the aid of French capital, it has long since passed into Hungarian hands, and most of the work has been done by Hungarian workmen and Hungarian machinery.

The port lies a short distance from Budapest, off Csepel Island.

The cost of the entire works is estimated at about £550,000. But what is that compared with the gain expected, not only in money value but in international goodwill?

## CHILDREN FOR CANADA

It is estimated that some three thousand child settlers will have entered Canada this year.

It is hoped to take more next year, but the selection and medical examination will be stricter.



## FIRST ENGLISHMAN TO GO UP A Balloonist of Long Ago OXFORD HONOURS A PASTRYCOOK'S SON

It is good to know that Oxford is wiping the dust from the memory of James Sadler, the first English airman.

Sadler made his first flight on October 4, 1784, in a balloon filled with heated air, and he had a small brazier hung under the envelope so that the air should not grow cold and heavy. The balloon mounted 3600 feet, and sailed slowly away. Half an hour later it came down, having travelled six miles.

Sadler made many flights after this, and his son was an airman too. The youth, William Windham Sadler, crossed from Ireland to England in a balloon, and father and son made an almost equally dangerous voyage over London. The son was killed during an ascent. His father died later, in circumstances of comparative poverty.

### Sadler's Work for the Navy

Sadler was a distinguished chemist, engineer, and inventor, and Nelson praised his design for a naval gun which was afterwards fitted to many of our men-of-war. But all his work for the Admiralty did not make him rich. Perhaps he would have prospered more if he had been a pastrycook like his father.

Sadler was born in 1753, died in 1828, and was buried in the churchyard of St. Peter in the East at Oxford. Until recently his tombstone was decaying, and no one seemed to care for his memory. But future pilgrims will find a memorial tablet in the church, with a picture of Sadler's balloon and an inscription telling of the first English flight.

Lovers of aviation have found the money, and the Bishop of Oxford has helped to honour the pastrycook's son.

## A PRINCESS WINS A PRIZE

Princess Juliana, who will one day be Queen of Holland, has had a delightful surprise.

She is now at Leyden University, where she is treated just like any other undergraduate, and with the other "freshers" she had to enter the song-writing contest held every year.

The authors' names are contained in sealed envelopes which are not opened until the award has been made, and the adjudication committee this year found that the winning song was written by Princess Juliana.

One day she will be the hardest-worked woman in Holland, and never be allowed to forget the etiquette of her position, but now she is free to join jolly parties in coffee shops after lectures, to camp out at week-ends, and to play her fiddle to her heart's delight. One day there will be no time for music. Poor little princess!

## A MARTIAN'S HOLE IN THE GROUND

We were reading the other day about a man who claims that his spirit has travelled to Mars. He says the people are eight feet high and live in holes in the ground.

What a queer idea of us a Martian would have had if he had made a flying visit to the battlefields in 1917. The Earth people, he would have said, live in holes in the ground. They have green canvas faces with very long rubber tubes instead of noses. They keep pet dragons that roar and bellow and pour out flames and smoke.

But we do not live in dugouts or wear gas masks or love big guns. It is dangerous to judge by first impressions, and we shall refuse to believe that the people of Mars live in holes in the ground till the Man in the Moon gives us his word for it.

## TWO FABLES Mr. Churchill or Aesop?

MR. WINSTON CHURCHILL, the Chancellor of the Exchequer, has been giving us a little fable on Disarmament.

Earnestly as we all desire Disarmament, we must try to understand how difficult it is to persuade many nations to agree.

As Mr. Churchill's fable is playfully told, with a useful moral for us all, we gladly pass it on. This is it:

Once upon a time all the animals in the Zoo decided that they would disarm, and they arranged to have a conference to decide the matter.

So the Rhinoceros said, when he opened the proceedings, that the use of teeth was barbarous and horrible and ought to be strictly prohibited by general consent. Horns, which were mainly defensive weapons, would, of course, have to be allowed.

The Buffalo, the Stag, the Porcupine, and even the little Hedgehog, all said they would vote with the Rhino, but the Lion and the Tiger took a different view. They defended teeth and even claws, which they described as honourable weapons of immemorial antiquity.

The Panther, the Leopard, the Puma, and the whole tribe of small cats supported the Lion and the Tiger. Then the Bear spoke. He proposed that both teeth and horns should be banned and never used again for fighting by any animal. It would be quite enough if animals were allowed to give each other a good hug when they quarrelled. No one could object to that. It was so fraternal, and would be a great step toward peace. However, all the other animals were very offended with the Bear, and the Turkey fell into a perfect panic.

The discussion got so hot and angry that the animals began to look at one another in a very nasty way; but luckily the keepers were able to calm them down and persuade them to go back quietly to their cages, and they began to feel quite friendly with one another again.

### What Aesop Wrote

That is Mr. Churchill's fable of each animal wanting its own way. But there was another story-teller long ago who gave us a fable of the animals. His name was Aesop, and we like his fable best. This is it:

The beasts of the field and the forest had a lion as their king. He was neither wrathful, cruel, nor tyrannical, but just and gentle as a king could be.

He made during his reign a royal proclamation for a general assembly of all the beasts and birds, and drew up conditions for a universal league in which the wolf and the lamb, the panther and the kid, the tiger and the stag, the dog and the hare, should live together in perfect peace and amity.

The Hare said:  
*Oh, how I have longed to see this day in which the weak shall take their place with impunity by the side of the strong.*

The C.N. likes Aesop's fable of the Animal League of Nations better than Mr. Churchill's fable of the quarrelling animals of the Zoo, and it believes that Aesop is the true prophet.

### When You Go By Bus

*Do not throw your ticket in the street,  
Drop it in the Bus*

## CARRYING ON FOR A THOUSAND YEARS The Craftsman by the Magic Spring WORLD'S BEST PARCHMENT

In a quiet corner of old England there is a business which is a thousand years old at least.

Before Norman times men were dressing sheepskins at Havant in Hampshire, and their descendants follow the same trade. They make parchment for illuminated addresses and civic documents, and it goes into the archives of all the great cities in the world. America is their best customer, and many a New World Doctor of Science holds a certificate made in the Old World by old methods.

The most interesting thing about this village industry is that one of the partners in the firm is a magic spring. Parchment-making is a long process, and water plays a great part in it. There is a spring of a special degree of chalkiness in Havant which exactly suits sheepskin, and gives it a pearliness to be found in no other parchment.

### Loving Craftsmanship

The spring might almost have been a fairy gift, for it has given the men of Havant a livelihood since the beginning of history. Before men needed parchment for writing it is thought that skins were dressed here so that Saxons might have leather coats and belts and harness for their beasts.

It was the spring water which made the leather so good. Chemical experiments have been made, but the spring water remains the best.

Yet the spring water alone could not make the world's best parchment; the men of Havant have a skill which has passed from father to son for centuries. They love their trade. One man has actually worked at it for 73 years; two others have 60 and 58 years' service behind them.

Between magic spring and loving craftsmanship we cannot wonder that the people of Havant make parchment fit for kings and scholars and prime ministers.

## C.N. QUESTION BOX

Questions must be asked on postcards; one question on each card, with name and address.

### Who Were Beatrice and Dante?

Dante was the greatest of the Italian poets, born at Florence in 1265, and Beatrice was a lady whom he greatly admired, and of whom he wrote in his Vita Nuova.

### Was the Moon Once Part of the Earth?

Some scientists think it was, and that when the Earth was in a plastic state the Moon was thrown off from what is now the Pacific Ocean.

### What is the Dram of Eale in Hamlet, Act I, Scene 4?

No one knows. The passage is described by scholars as hopelessly corrupt, and the word eale has been variously interpreted as ease, ill, ale, and evil.

### Why Do Windows in New Houses Have a Dab of White on the Glass?

To show the workmen that the glass has been put in and to warn them against passing ladders, poles, and so on through the opening as they did during the building operations.

### Does Shamrock Grow Wild Anywhere Else than in Ireland?

Yes; Trifolium refens, which is generally regarded as the shamrock, is abundant in meadows in Great Britain and many parts of Europe. Some people, however, believe wood sorrel (Oxalis acetosella) to be the true shamrock, and this also is common in woods and shady places in Great Britain.

### What Are the Forties?

Two meanings were given in the Question Box recently. A reader sends a third, used in wireless weather reports. The "District Forties" is a district covering the greater part of the northern North Sea, and is named after the Long Forties Shoal, which is found in that part. According to the Air Ministry it covers the area eastward to Norway and north of the line Tweed to Naze.

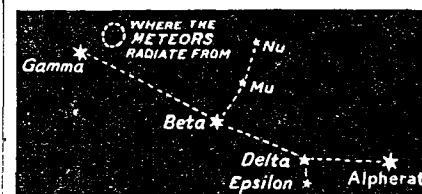
## THE CHAINED LADY CONSTELLATION KNOWN FOR 8000 YEARS A Giant Sun 200 Times Brighter Than Ours THE ANDROMEDA METEORS

By the C.N. Astronomer

The glories of Andromeda are to be seen now almost overhead in the evening between 9 and 10 o'clock, and, looking South, may be easily identified with the aid of our star map. This region of the sky will have an added interest at the beginning of next week, for then a few of the Andromeda meteors may perhaps be seen shooting across the sky from the point indicated.

Andromeda is a constellation of great antiquity, dating from Chaldean times; some authorities regarding it as at least 8000 years old; and though the name of the lady chained to the rock is Greek, the story and the stars symbolising the characters of Perseus, Pegasus, and Andromeda appear to be far more ancient. It is singular that in Sanskrit records of great antiquity the chained lady should be known by the name of Antarmada.

Alpha in Andromeda, or Alpherat as it is popularly known, is a bright,



The chief stars of Andromeda

second-magnitude star at the upper left-hand corner of the Great Square of Pegasus, which was described in the C.N. for October 20. So actually it is not in Pegasus, though at one time Alpherat was known as Delta in Pegasus. As this star is situated where the head of Andromeda is always represented it has been awarded to the "chained lady," so there is no Delta in Pegasus now.

Alpherat is an immense sun radiating nearly 200 times the light of our Sun from a distance seven million times as great. For 116 years its light has been travelling across the dark void of space, light which reveals in a spectroscopic the fact that Alpherat has a companion sun revolving round it, taking about 100 days to go round the great central sun.

Beta in Andromeda, also a second-magnitude star, is much nearer, its light taking but 67 years to get here; so Beta is 4,255,000 times as far away as our Sun, and must radiate about fifty times as much light to be so brilliant at that great distance.

### A Wonderful Star

Gamma in Andromeda, also known as Almach, is of second magnitude and the most beautiful and the most wonderful of the bright stars of Andromeda. Even in a small telescope it is seen to be composed of two suns, the larger golden and the smaller one blue; but a powerful telescope shows that the smaller blue sun is really double, and that there are two suns.

These suns revolve round some central point between them once in 55 years. Spectroscopic evidence indicates that they are about 6,274,000 times as far away as our Sun, their light taking nearly 99 years to reach us. Some idea of their size may be obtained from the fact that their combined light amounts to about 150 times that of our Sun.

Delta in Andromeda is a third-magnitude star, 163 light-years distant, and so 10,350,000 times the distance of our Sun; while little Epsilon, below Delta, is but 52 light-years away.

These are the chief luminaries of Andromeda from our point of view; but there are greater wonders beyond that starry host.

G. F. M.



# HONOUR CLEAN

The Mystery of  
the Junior Cup

Told by  
Gunby Hadath

## CHAPTER 15 With the Pack

MOST of the runners were distinctly astonished to perceive one of their number, and that the smallest of all, go tearing off as if he were running a sprint race.

Puggie Randall certainly was, and as Hendry rushed past him Puggie cautioned him to keep his head and go steady. The spectators were not so much amazed as amused. To them the spectacle of this little novice galloping as hard as ever he could was one of the funniest things they had seen for a long time. Some kept pointing him out with extravagant joy. Many were demanding Whoever is he? A few offered hilarious wagers that he'd win that time next week, while Mr. Poland, whose great height enabled him to watch over their heads without difficulty, smiled his gentle smile as he murmured to Ripshank:

"But I thought you told me he had some experience of running?"

"So I supposed, sir," said Ripshank, who looked disappointed.

Entirely oblivious, however, to what the spectators were saying of him, the small person who was providing this entertainment had reached the towpath in front of everyone else, and went galloping along it as hard as he could. He would run till he dropped, or he would run this race as he'd planned it—or rather as his cousin had planned it for him. But already he was beginning to ask himself how much longer he could keep up this frantic pace, and whether it would serve him as far as the road?

It just did that. Then he took breath and slowed to a trot. But a genuine trot, with long, even strides.

By now the others had begun to collect on the towpath, in bunches of four and five, calmly confident that the wild little figure in front would have run itself to a standstill long before Knagg's End. Some muttered, "A silly new kid! He's trying to be funny."

The rain had gone, but it had bequeathed them some puddles into which now and then a runner would stride with a splash which tossed up the water into the faces behind him. Pinion said afterwards what a vile shame it was that all the chaps in front of him splashed into puddles; that was why he let them leave him behind, he explained. And certainly you could see a good stretch of daylight between his spidery form and the rest as they turned from the towpath.

Here the leaders expected to catch sight of Hendry, blown and sitting down by the side of the road, perhaps. This they did not see; but, well in front still, they detected a dwindling figure which may have been his. "The little beggar will last till the Roman Road now," they reflected. "That's where we'll find him. He'll give us a wave as we pass."

But the "field" was stringing out; the bunches were fewer; it was taking the appearance more of a line, a long line winding from towpath into the road, and the favourites beginning to measure one another. Keegan of the Gate House, red-haired and angular, had moved up to the shoulder of Puggie Randall; half a dozen yards behind Paull and Planchu of Mostyn's were trotting at the heels of Grenville's hope, Elliott.

Presently, without much apparent effort, these five were clear of the rest and still taking it easily. But whereas Keegan's action was laboured and Planchu's too fussy, and Elliott kept jerking his head back, and Paull's elbows sawed, Randall was moving with a balance and smoothness which singled him out at a glance as a runner beyond the ordinary, assuming that his

lungs could keep step with his style. But had you levelled a glass on him you would have seen that all the time his nose was twitching and working, so he must have been most furiously thinking the while, posing himself a question that needed answering.

The astute Puggie's question to himself was: Shall I let Keegan pass me and give him some rope to hang himself with on the second half of the course? Or shall I challenge him for a serious lead straight away? And for the life of him he could not answer the question.

He did not much fear Elliott; nor Paull, nor Planchu. But he did fear Keegan, that ungainly, fiery-polled thruster who, whether it be cricket or football or any sport, was always much more dangerous than he appeared. Puggie feared Keegan. Puggie had it in mind that Keegan might spring any sort of surprise. But he made the proviso that Keegan could be out-generalled. The problem for himself, then, came back to this—for how far should he keep his own effort in pickle?

For Puggie wanted badly to be first man home. He longed to put the Junior Run to his credit, and for twelve solid months had been living in hopes.

They came to Knagg's End, and were welcomed by volleys of cheering from the crowd which had cut across the road there. A lot of Gate House people, clustered together, set up one deafening and prolonged shout for Keegan, and, noticing how blithely he responded by picking up his feet and easily quickening, Puggie, with his own name roared in his ears, lost any doubt about being in for a gruelling and for more than he had bargained for with this fellow.

But was he leaving out of his calculations a trivial individual somewhere ahead?

He was. He heard a shout as he went swinging past, which sounded something like, "That wild kid's still going!" It was screamed at Paull and Planchu as well, and they smiled; they could not afford the breath to cry, "What a whacker!"

Number five at Knagg's End now arrived Elliott, jerking his head about, but still very fresh. The Grenville folk who were waiting to give him their cheer added: "That kid's on the go still!"

Without slowing down, Elliott grinned and shook his head.

Were all the five favourites leaving out of their calculations that dogged, inconsiderable figure somewhere ahead?

## CHAPTER 16 With Young Hendry

YOUNG Hendry was done. He felt at the end of his tether. He had staggered up to the top of the Roman Road and, looking over his shoulder, saw that none of the others had come into sight at the foot yet. So far, then, he had run right up to his programme, but he couldn't go on—he was finished.

He wished he had never gone in for this horrible run. This was what his suffering body was saying. But his spirit had another story to tell. His spirit insisted that if he took things rather easily he might somehow or other struggle through to the end. His spirit taunted him. "You're a fine sort of runner!" it scoffed. "Oh, a grand sort of runner to crack before you're half way."

He was streaming with sweat, for, instead of refreshing the air, the rain's departure had left the day close and muggy. His shins, moreover, were aching abominably. The sodden leaves through which his feet were now brushing clung to his shoes, but remiaded him automatically that his limbs were taking him in the right direction,

namely, where the road trickled off into the patch of trees.

He remembered this bit very well; he remembered it particularly, because it was just about this spot that his cousin had told him on Sunday that if he gave the others the go-bye to here he would win. Well, he had given them the go-bye to here right enough—but had he sufficient breath to manage the rest? Still, according to Major that would be easier going; and he passed the hope through his mind to encourage himself.

In a moment or two he would enter the wood at Pope's Corner. Pope's Corner! Major had called it that. What a name! And then he would emerge on a chunk of ploughed field, which he had not to cross but to skirt, bearing off toward three fir trees. One couldn't miss them; they stood on the edge of a gulley and he had to drop into the gulley to come to the road again. Straight down the road then, not a couple of hundred yards to the bend which opened up Gibbet's Farm and the winning-post. He wondered if he would ever reach it, and the judges, and the people crowding behind them!

His weary flesh said, "It's hundreds of miles away yet!" His spirit answered, "It isn't. You carry on."

He was dragging his feet and he stumbled over a root, which very nearly brought him flat on his face. But the shaking up did him good, for it gave him a warning that unless he braced his energies he would collapse, and that the less he dwelled upon the fir trees and gulley and the more he concentrated on reaching Pope's Corner the better would be his prospect of getting along. One step at a time, one little piece at a time, that was all he need concern himself with.

"And don't sag so. Don't sway about so," he told himself next. "Keep your body together—that's better—that's better!"

Remarkable, but the pain at his ribs had diminished. Remarkable, but the ache in his shins was evaporating. Remarkable, but he did not hear himself panting so.

"I'm getting a sort of second wind," he said eagerly.

The boughs arched over him, the leaves brushed his head, the track had narrowed—in a moment he would be at Pope's Corner. He wished he could hear if there were footsteps behind him. No, he didn't wish to hear them, he wished not to hear them. Nor did he; though he strained his ears as he plodded, catching nothing but the slow pad of his own feet and the dripping of the branches releasing their moisture. One heavier than the rest sent a splash down his neck, which trickled along his spine, refreshing him curiously.

And no pounding feet in his wake! How well Major had judged that could he lose them by here his chance would be splendid. And his gratitude to his cousin returned in a flood; win or lose, first or last, he would always remember that no one else would have been so splendid.

Yes; he owed no end to his cousin. And how much to himself? Without bragging, he thought, he had shown that he could run a bit. And last a bit better than many.

The trees had most suddenly parted. Here was the plough land. Now skirt this. Good! What a blessing one had not to cross it. Churned and cloggy after the morning's rain, he guessed that it would very nearly have bogged him. But firm going this, on the soft, close-clipped grass at the side, straight to the three lonely fir trees, straight as the crow flies.

"By George!" he almost exclaimed, "I wish I was a crow."

To mount a pair of wings, substantial black wings, and go flapping over the gulley, that would be splendid! One could float down into the road and there take the wings off and hide them behind the hedge, and then stride to the farm. Or one might start this horrible run in an aeroplane... Look out for that heap of stones, you almost pitched into them! He mustn't meander along so dreamily, he must wake up and look out where he was going.

So it seems that young Hendry was moving mechanically now; that is to say, that his limbs were carrying him on while his mind was straying away to all sorts of fancies. This, as he was to discover in after years, would follow him throughout his running career. In a measure it explained his extraordinary stamina, and accounted for his unusual powers of rallying. For when once his spirit had resisted its bad "quarter of an hour" and beaten the unwilling flesh to its will, his body took charge and did the rest. Instead of thinking "I can never go on," and dwelling on the strain which he was enduring, his thoughts, without any intention, took flights.

Now they had flown away as far as his home, and were showing him his father's astonishment and delight at his victory. Then they flashed to his Prep School, and showed him anew a picture of astonishment and rejoicing. The chaps would be given a Half, very likely, to celebrate; at any rate, they might; for never before had a fellow from Goodridge won East-borough's Junior Run.

Won? But he hadn't won yet! Oh, he should win now surely. For that in front must be the road, and no one in sight, no sign of Puggie Randall and all the great champions. He hoped that Puggie wouldn't mind very much. He liked Puggie.

The road! The level, jolly road under his feet at last! Ages and ages it seemed that he had been slogging, ages battling and struggling against the impossible, and scarcely able now to drag limb after leg; but here at long last was the delectable goal. As Xenophon's men must have felt when they came to the sea, so through young Hendry there surged a flood of emotion. He sighted the bend ahead, and he knew that beyond it, not fifty yards farther, was Gibbet's. A flag was flying at Gibbet's. Not streaming, wind-sported, but flapping half-heartedly in the still afternoon. Well, there mustn't be anything half-hearted in his finish; he must show more life than that flag which was waiting to welcome him.

He spurred himself for a spurt. Tossed his chin up and spurred.

In his excitement he almost tripped, but recovered himself, reeling across the road with the effort it cost him. His heart was pounding heavily against his ribs, his lungs seemed bursting, the back of his throat felt on fire, and his head and eyes were dazed; blood throbbed in his temples.

Then noises sang in his ears. The road seemed all noise; all one deafening tumult of noise beating round him.

TO BE CONTINUED

## Five-Minute Story

### The Goose-Girl

LONG, long ago there lived a goose-girl named Greta. She was hired by a farmer to look after a flock of geese. Every morning Greta drove the geese a long way until they reached a river with grassy banks. Here they stayed all day. The geese were very fond of the sweet grass that grew by the river.

Greta loved the geese. There were twenty-five of them, so she never felt lonely. The geese loved Greta, too. They never strayed far. When she called them they came at once to her. They had a funny way of bowing and making soft noises in their throats as if trying to tell how much they loved her.

One day Greta saw a very ragged man running toward the river. He was pale and thin and he kept looking back over his shoulder as if afraid that someone were following him. The geese saw him. They all held their heads high and cackled loudly. The man called to Greta: "Tell me quickly where I can cross the river."

Greta pointed down the stream. "Run that way, and soon you will find a shallow ford round the corner."

"Blessings on you, child," said the man. "Do not tell anyone that you have seen me."

Then he hurried out of sight.

That same evening, when Greta and the geese were going home, three other men met them. The men were on horseback. The first was a young man who looked very angry and excited. He was richly dressed. Greta gazed in wonder at his velvet coat and shining gold buttons. He sprang from his horse.

"Have you seen anyone near the river today?" he asked in a loud voice.

Poor Greta was so frightened and worried that she could hardly speak. She did not want to tell this angry man about the ragged stranger.

"Answer me quickly," said the man, looking fiercely at her.

But she did not have to answer. The geese came to her rescue. They knew that Greta was afraid. They also disliked the man's rough ways. They became angry and cackled so loudly that his voice could not be heard though he kept shouting and shouting.

Then without any warning one of the geese shot out its powerful neck and bit the man's leg.

He cried out and hopped about and rubbed his leg with his hand. Then Greta saw that the other two horsemen, who seemed much older than the first man, were laughing quietly and smiling to each other. One of them gave her a sign to go on. She quickly did so. Running on ahead she called to the geese, and they were soon all round her as gentle and obedient as ever. When she ventured to look back she was glad to see that the young man and his companions were not going in the direction of the ford.

It is now as Easy  
to Find

A Picture of  
a Thing

A Portrait of  
a Man

A View of  
a Place

as to find a Word  
in a Dictionary

See

I See All





# Like a Cheerful Traveller Take the Road Singing



## THE BRAN TUB

### A Word Square

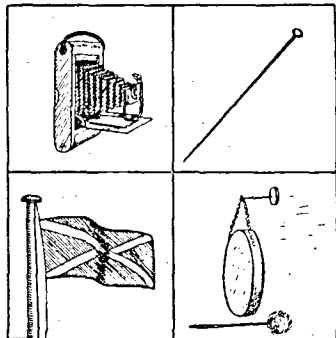
THE following clues indicate four words which written one under the other will make a square of words. Each word, of course, has four letters. A hollow place or cavity. To disclose. A heavy metal. Extremities.

Answer next week

### Next Week's Nature Calendar

THE fieldfares begin to arrive in England. Redwings are seen. The grey wagtail arrives for the winter. The larch tree is stripped of its leaves. Primroses in sheltered situations are found in blossom.

### A Hidden Bird



FIND the names of these objects and then, by taking two consecutive letters from each word and arranging them in the right order, spell the name of a large bird with brilliant plumage.

Answer next week

### More Hints About Aerials

THE best wire to use for an aerial is enamelled stranded wire. Of the ordinary types of aerial wire the stranded is a little better than the solid if all the strands are continuous, but one broken strand will make this type by far the less desirable. With the enamelled stranded wire, however, this trouble does not arise, for each separate strand is insulated.

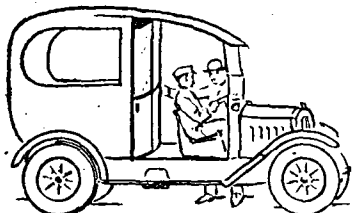
The various types of special or patented aerials are seldom worth what they cost. In any case, the advantage of the best aerial material ever made can be sacrificed in one poorly soldered joint.

For an emergency aerial for a portable receiver a wire fence on wooden posts is quite good, and a fence with iron stanchions makes an ideal earth system.

### Things Just Patented

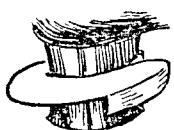
We have no further information about the new patents which are illustrated here.

**New Doors for Taxis.** In this new form of taxi-cab there are no doors of the ordinary hinged type, but the front of the passenger compartment is formed of two curved



doors that slide one behind the other. The cab can be entered easily from either side. One advantage of this scheme is that the side windows can be quite large, thus giving the passenger a better outlook.

**Mudguards for Shoes.** These little mudguards for shoes are designed to prevent ladies' stockings being splashed in wet weather. The plates, which are turned down on one side as an extra protection, are attached to the heels of the shoes by straps.

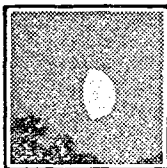


### Do You Live at Divizes?

THIS place name was originally spelled Divis, and means the place at the division or border, a reference to the meeting of the territories in which the Saxon and the Celt held sway.

### Other Worlds Next Week

IN the evening the planets Venus and Saturn are in the South-West, Jupiter is in the South, Mars South-East, and Uranus South-West by South. In the morning Mercury is in the South-East. The picture shows the Moon as it may be seen looking South at 7 p.m. on November 21.



### What Am I?

I'm active, I'm sluggish, I'm quick, I am slow, I've a slumbering existence in wreaths of white snow. In the Tropics I dwell, on the land, in the stream, Men say at Earth's centre I revel supreme. I have saved many lives, and I thousands have slain, Without me the artisan's craft would be vain. The paper thou holdest by me is impressed, By me it is spread o'er the East and the West, O'er the North and the South, wherever the mind Of man with true knowledge is blest and refined; For the monster of iron, with power so vast, That flies o'er the land with hurricane blast, Without me is useless, immovable, still, Its power is my offspring, and lives by my will.

Answer next week

### Ici On Parle Français



Le cadenas L'autruche Le porte-plume

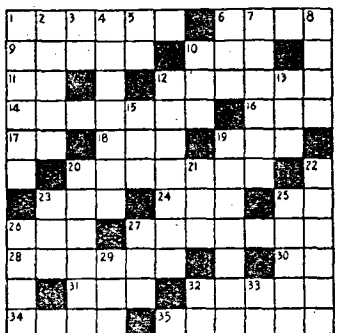
Voici le cadenas, mais où est la clef? La plume d'autruche est très estimée. Achète donc ce porte-plume à réservoir.

### Is Your Name Spiller?

THE name Spiller, like Speller, Spelman, and Spillman, is derived from the medieval English word spel, a speech, and the ancestor of the people with these names was probably a man who went round to great houses and told stories. He was, in fact, a spel man, or talker.

### Cross Word Puzzle

THERE are 46 words or recognised abbreviations hidden in this puzzle. The clues are given below and the answers will appear next week.



**Reading Across.** 1. Lamentation. 6. Requests. 9. Prepared. 10. A Yorkshire river. 11. A printer's measure. 12. Struck with amazement. 14. Young cod. 16. Part of the foot. 17. Proposition. 18. Bulky piece of wood. 19. Famous botanic gardens. 20. A Northern country. 23. Part of a circle. 24. Before. 25. Pronoun. 26. An age. 27. Squadrons. 28. Acid fruits. 30. French for of the. 31. The ultimate point. 32. Kindled again. 34. The broad surface of a solid body. 35. Rulers of Judea.

**Reading Down.** 1. A summary. 2. A citrus fruit. 3. Common motorist's sign. 4. Pastoral. 5. Famous American State (abbrev.). 6. Tree yielding tough timber. 7. Glided over ice. 8. Locality. 10. An ovum. 12. Fishermen. 13. To scatter seed. 15. An electrified particle. 19. One who makes dough. 20. Enclosed. 21. A limb. 22. Sets again. 23. Exist. 25. Moist. 26. Measures. 27. Conjunction. 29. A unit. 32. Famous regiment (abbrev.). 43. An exclamation.

## Jacko Has an Invitation

IT was a great pity that Jacko was on such bad terms with Colonel Chimp, who lived next door. When the old gentleman sent out invitations for a very special garden party one day he did not invite Jacko.

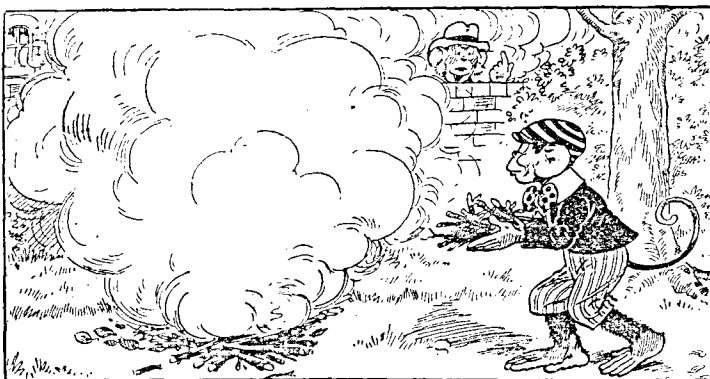
"I call it too bad," grumbled Jacko. "And all because I broke a pane of glass in his silly old greenhouse!"

"I can think of a good many other reasons as well," said Mrs. Jacko significantly.

Jacko grinned. "Well, perhaps I did eat some of his cherries," he said. "All the same, Colonel Chimp might be sporting and let bygones be bygones."

"You may be invited yet if you behave nicely," said his mother. "The garden party is not till next week, you know."

As it happened, the very next morning Jacko had a chance of showing his good intentions. Colonel Chimp's cat came



"Put it out, for pity's sake!" roared the Colonel

over the wall and gambolled about on the lawn; and, instead of chasing it with the hose as he generally did, Jacko picked it up very carefully and carried it back to Colonel Chimp's house.

"My compliments to your master," he told the maid, "and here's his cat."

The maid looked very surprised. Colonel Chimp simply couldn't believe his ears when he got the message.

"I must be mistaken in that boy," he said. "There's undoubtedly a lot of good in the worst of us."

But all the same Jacko didn't get his invitation. The Colonel would not risk having his party spoiled by any pranks.

"Let it be a warning to you," said his mother.

Jacko looked very gloomy. He looked even gloomier when the great day came and all his family went off to the party, leaving him behind. He could hear a band playing on the other side of the wall, and his face grew longer and longer as he thought of the delicious cakes and ices being handed round.

"I know! I'll have a bonfire," he said suddenly. "Perhaps that will do the trick."

There was plenty of rubbish in the garden waiting to be burned and Jacko soon got a fire going. And, as the wind was in that direction, clouds of smoke poured across the garden toward Colonel Chimp's house.

Suddenly the colonel's head appeared over the wall. He was as red as a turkeycock, but he managed to speak to Jacko quite pleasantly. "You had better come round here and have some tea," he said.

"Coo! I thought you said I'd spoil your party," retorted Jacko with a grin.

"You will certainly spoil my party if you don't come," roared the colonel. "Put out that fire, for pity's sake! We are half choked already."

So Jacko had his cakes. But he had something else as well: his father saw to that.

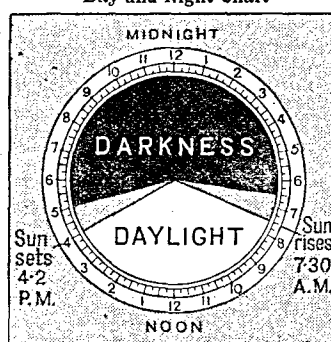
### Begonia Leaves for Ironmould

IT has been discovered that the begonia leaf has in it a substance which will remove from material the rust marks known as ironmould.

One or other of the many kinds of begonia is to be found in conservatories at any time of the year. Pick two or three leaves, choosing those which are well developed, and chop these up. Then place them in a cup of water and boil the mixture thoroughly in a small pan.

The damaged piece of cloth is soaked in the hot water for a few minutes and then rinsed in plain cold water. By doing this alternately it will be found that the rust mark eventually vanishes.

### Day and Night Chart



Darkness, twilight, and daylight in the middle of next week. The daylight grows shorter each day.

## Dr. MERRYMAN

### What Did She Mean?

"I'd love to go to the circus this afternoon," said a little girl to her mother. "Please may I go?"

"Well, really!" exclaimed her mother. "Just fancy wanting to go to the circus when your Uncle Horace is here!"

### Three Questions

WHAT is the largest circulation in the world? The elephant's.

What is the happy mean? A joyful miser.

What is the best thing to do in a hurry? Nothing.

### The Only Way

THE patient was describing his symptoms to the doctor.

"There must be something very wrong with me," he said. "Whenever I lift my right hand to my head, then raise it a few inches, and then lower it again I suffer great pain."

"Then why do you do such a silly thing?" asked the doctor.

"Well," replied the patient, "if you can tell me any other way to take off my hat I shall be glad to hear it."

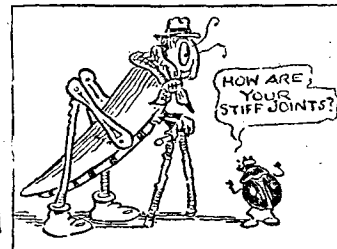
### Tosing the Line

THE competitors were lined up for the race.

"Number Three," shouted the starter, "your foot is over the starting line."

"No it isn't, sir," replied Number Three, "it's just touching the line. My shoes are too big."

### Winter Woes



THESE frosty nights are very bad for lively Mister Hopper; Upon his jumps they've lately put A most decided stopper.

### Punishment Deferred

"CAN I be punished for something I didn't do?" asked a small boy of his teacher.

"Oh, no; that would be unjust," was the reply.

"Well, I didn't do my home lessons last night."

### Experienced Youth

THE parable of the wheat and tares had been the subject of the Scripture lesson.

"Now, which would you rather be," asked the teacher, "the wheat or the tares?"

All but one in the class answered "Wheat," but little Willie said "The tares."

When asked why he would choose the tares, which represented bad things, instead of wheat or the good, he replied: "Well, the wheat gets thrashed and the tares do not."

### ANSWERS TO LAST WEEK'S PUZZLES

#### What Am I?

Printing. sc tlas

Changeling. i o r m t a

Sock, sack, back. TURBOT

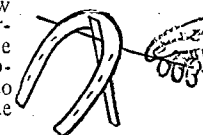
bark, barn, darn. ed y s r s

#### A Charade. Wreathfall

A Puzzle in Rhyme. Bed

#### A Horseshoe Trick

This is how the trick is performed. The top of the support is made to slip just inside the horseshoe.





The Children's Newspaper grew out of My Magazine, the monthly the whole world loves. My Magazine grew out of the Children's Encyclopedia, the greatest book for children in the world.

# CHILDREN'S NEWSPAPER

November 17, 1928 Every Thursday 2d.

The C.N. is posted anywhere inland and abroad for 11s. a year. My Magazine, published on the 15th of each month, is posted anywhere except Canada for 14s. 6d. a year; Canada, 14s. See below.

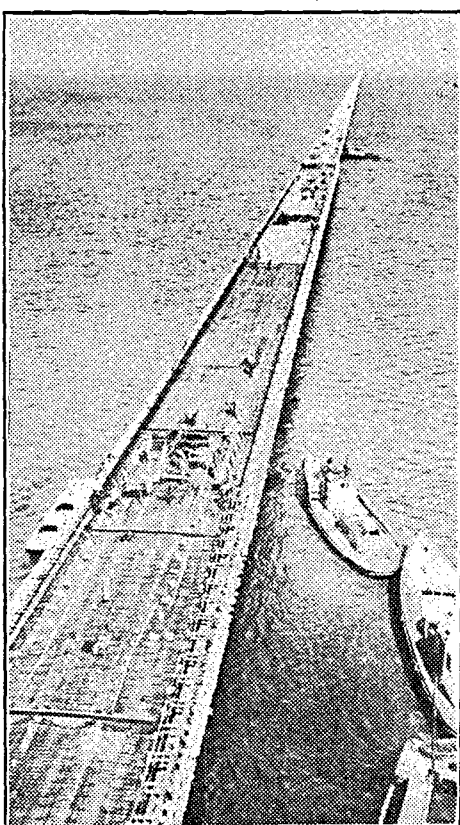
## LONGEST BRIDGE · CHIMPANZEE AS A DENTIST · ICELAND GIRL GUIDES



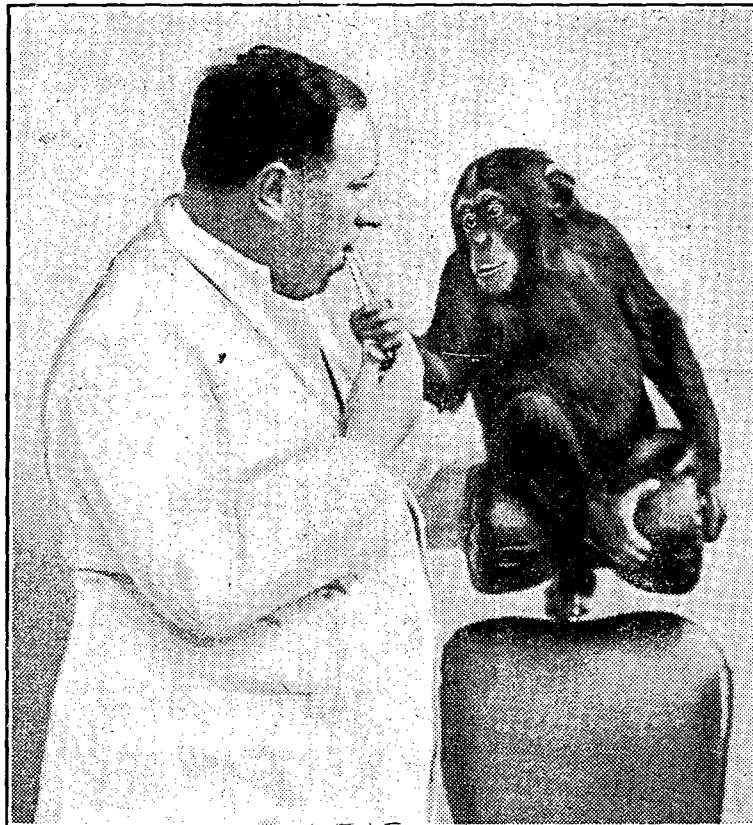
**Circus Flooded**—A circus at Tooting was flooded by heavy rain recently, and the animals had to be moved to their winter quarters. Here we see elephants and horses on the road.



**England's Lacrosse Girls**—This picture was taken during an exciting attack in the match at Merton Abbey the other day between teams of girls representing England and The Reserves.



**The Longest Bridge**—This bridge across the James River, Virginia, is five and a half miles long, the longest in the world. It is to be opened this Saturday.



**A Chimpanzee Visits the Dentist**—The animals at the London Zoo have their teeth well looked after by a dentist. In this picture a chimpanzee that had had a tooth removed is seen trying to perform a similar operation on the dentist.



**An Aerobatic Dive**—In this dive, demonstrated by Miss Enid Relph at Kenwood, the swimmer straightens out in mid-air before reaching the water.



**Girl Guides of Iceland**—Like all the rest of the world Iceland now has Scouts and Guides. Here are some Guides boiling their kettle by the roadside during a week-end trek. On page 2 a correspondent tells us something of the industrious and well-educated people of Iceland.



**New Crop for England**—The wonderful soya bean, which has so many uses, has been completely acclimatised in England by Mr. J. L. North, curator of the Royal Botanic Society, London, who is here seen showing the plants to visitors.

## THE STEEL HIGHWAYS OF ENGLAND—SEE MY MAGAZINE FOR DECEMBER

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